

CANDYMAN: Farewell to the Flesh

by

Screenplay by Rand Ravich

Story by Clive Barker

Revised Screenplay by MARK KRUGER

Rev. 8/2/94 (Green)
Rev. 8/1/94 (Yellow)
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SHOOTING DRAFT

PURCELL (O.S.)
He died...for love...

Swirls of color emerge from the BLACKNESS. Illuminated abstract colors...bleeding into each other from edges of the frame. It's a kaleidoscope of everchanging forms.

PURCELL (O.S.)
Born just after the Civil War,
Daniel Robitaille was the son of
slaves, an artist by trade.

CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal a MOUTH made from a dark gaping hole in a wall.

PURCELL (O.S.)
A wealthy landowner commissioned
him to do a portrait of his
daughter...his lovely white
daughter. They fell in love, she
became pregnant...

CAMERA PULLS BACK, and now we clearly see the entire projected photo-image: a BLACK MAN SCREAMING IN AGONY. It's the mural from Cabrini Green. It's the CANDYMAN'S FACE.

PURCELL (O.S.)
Her father had his thugs chase
the poor man through the town...

CLOSE ON Purcell's hand delicately caressing a palm-sized remote. He presses a button. CLINK...KERCHUNK...the slide projector carousel advances with FLASHES OF LIGHT.

PURCELL (O.S.)
When they caught him, they sawed
off his right hand with a rusty
blade. The hand that had painted
the portrait.

ANGLE - SCREEN -- a series of grafitti murals depicting the story of Candyman's mutilation in Cabrini Green: three men chase a black man, then finally catch him. An angry mob watches as the men saw off his arm.

PURCELL (O.S.)
A nearby beehive was raided, the
honeycomb spread on his
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

PURCELL (cont'd)
bleeding, naked body. The crowd
that had gathered fled as the
bees came for him.

DR. PURCELL, a pompous middle-aged academic, moves in front of
the projection, distorting the image. His smug face fills the
screen.

PURCELL
He died...for love.

A BEAT. He licks his lips and swallows. All for dramatic
effect.

2 2 INT. MODERN BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

The assembled AUDIENCE of three dozen people sit in rapt
attention in the dark.

PURCELL
His resurrection began as rumor,
then grew into myth. Say his name
five times in the mirror and he
would appear. A hook had replaced
the severed hand, sorrow and hate
fill his eyes, bees buzz about his
lips. Say his name in the mirror
five times and he appears.

ANGLE ON ETHAN TARRANT -- Mid-20's, handsome, intense eyes, very
troubled. HE stands alone in the back, half-hidden in shadow.
The look on his face is not wonder, but that of ANGER.

PURCELL
The myth has travelled from place
to place, taking root in the most
desperate areas. Even here in New
Orleans...murders have been
committed in his name.

Purcell smiles, proudly holds up his book, Candyman: A Century
of Fear.

PURCELL
This is who he is. Not the fact
of him. The fact of his myth.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
But is he real?

Purcell's lip curls just slightly. He clicks his remote.
CLICK...KERCHUNK. A new IMAGE FLASHES on screen. A NEWSPAPER
HEADLINE and PHOTO: HELEN LYLE: MURDERER OR VICTIM?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

PURCELL

Cabrini Green, Chicago, 1992.
Helen Lyle became so obsessed by
the myth that she took on the
persona of the Candyman, killing
her victims with a hook.
Residents believed it was the
Candyman. And in a way it was.

Ethan stares intently at screen. Audience is silent until:

PUSHY MAN

What about you, Dr. Purcell? Do
you...?

PURCELL

(wry amusement)

Believe in Candyman?
(smiles)

I believe the myth, the word and
whisper. But the fact? The flesh
and blood? I'm afraid not.

DOUBTING WOMAN

(laughs)

Prove it.

A BEAT. The Audience buzzes excitedly. Purcell looks around,
reveling in all the drama and attention. He slowly holds up his
book, looks directly into its MIRRORED reflective cover and...

PURCELL

Candyman...Candyman...Candyman...
Candyman...

He pauses. The Audience holds its breath. Then:

PURCELL

...Candyman.

AND...nothing. A BEAT. No one moves until Purcell shrugs and
starts laughing. The Audience takes his cue and deflates into
relieved LAUGHTER, except for ETHAN who just stares.

PURCELL

Well, that's a relief.

Purcell hits the remote. CLINK...KERCHUNK. FLASH OF LIGHT.
Screen is now stark white. Purcell's slide show is over.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

PURCELL

My publisher would never have
forgiven me. Imagine the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

PURCELL (cont'd)

headlines: "Cambridge scholar
eviscerated on book tour."

More LAUGHTER from crowd. Purcell is lapping it up, until...
CRASH! A HOOK bursts THROUGH the white screen and grabs Purcell
by the THROAT.

The AUDIENCE SCREAMS as Purcell flails around, gagging, legs
kicking, struggling to fight off his attacker. He tries
desperately to pull the hook from his throat, and then, all of a
sudden, with one giant yank...

PURCELL PULLS THE HOOK AWAY, in fact, pulls it out from the
screen and right off the arm.

A collective GASP from the Audience; they can't believe it.

HOUSE LIGHTS FLASH ON. Purcell breaks into a self-satisfied
smile and steps forward holding the hook aloft like a trophy.

PURCELL
Ladies and Gentlemen... Ladies
and Gentlemen...

The Audience finally settles down and watches in amazement as
Purcell twists the hook in his hand. It's only rubber.

PURCELL
I'd like to introduce you to our
Candyman...Peter.

A shy MAN steps out from behind screen. The Audience LAUGHS and
APPLAUDS. Purcell joins them in the applause.

ANGLE - ETHAN -- he can't take it anymore; he pushes through the
audience and bolts toward the door.

3 EXT. MODERN BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

3

The last of the audience leaves the bookstore. The light in the
window goes out, the door opens. Purcell emerges, makes his
farewells. WE FOLLOW him as he walks down the dark, damp
street, alone.

4 EXT. INTERSECTION NEAR BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

4

Up ahead at a DISTANT INTERSECTION, a throbbing TORCHLIT PARADE
is passing by. We hear the HUM of a crowd...the THUMPING of
DRUMS... the echo of a BRASS SECTION.

5 EXT. BOOKSTORE STREET - NIGHT

5

Purcell breezes past a shadowy DOORWAY. His footsteps ECHO.

UNKNOWN POV starts following Purcell...
Purcell continues along unaware until he hears SOUNDS.
FOOTSTEPS. Coming from behind. Purcell slows his pace...the turns. The street seems deserted. A beat. Purcell shrugs, then moves on a little faster

UNKNOWN POV seems to get closer...almost stalking Purcell.

Purcell glances over his shoulder and quickens his pace. He's just about to break into a run when...

HE FLIES HEADLONG INTO ETHAN

Purcell REACTS, lets out a GASP. But then quickly recovers.

PURCELL

Sorry. These streets have got me all turned around.

Ethan doesn't respond, just holds out a copy of Purcell's book.

PURCELL

Ah...

(takes book; flattered)
A little shy back there.

Purcell takes out a pen; he doesn't notice Ethan's anxious eyes.

PURCELL

A gift?

ETHAN

To Ethan...

PURCELL

(starts writing in book)
Ethan...

ETHAN

Ethan Tarrant.

Purcell stops writing, his sanctimonious smile fades. He looks at Ethan and for the first time sees the hate in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

PURCELL

...Tarrant? Listen...Ethan...

(smiles)

I'm sorry about what happened to
your father.

ETHAN

He came to you for help.

PURCELL

Do you have any idea how many
people contact me every year?

ETHAN

My father wasn't just another
crackpot.

PURCELL

I'm not saying --

ETHAN

You told him there was no
Candyman.

Ethan smacks the book out of Purcell's hand, violently kicks it
across the street.

ETHAN

You dared him to say the name and
now he's dead.

PURCELL

(tries to calm him)

Listen, Ethan...I've seen this
happen before. People get sucked
into the myth...

ETHAN

It's not a myth! Daniel
Robitaille was real.

PURCELL

Robitaille was an unfortunate
victim of a cruel world. But he's
been dead and buried a long time.

ETHAN

He's here. You called him.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

PURCELL

I'm sorry. I can't help you.

He starts to back away from Ethan, who just smiles cryptically.

ETHAN

You're next, Purcell.
(flicks wrist, imitating
Candyman)

Groin to gullet.

PURCELL

You're as crazy as your father.

Ethan's smile fades. Purcell turns, starts walking quickly toward a bar down the street.

Ethan crosses to the middle of the road, picks up the book. HOLD ON him staring at his own reflection in the book cover, the anger rising in his chest.

6 INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Purcell enters the dark, unwelcoming place filled with lots of smoke and heavy drinkers. He quickly takes a seat at the bar. He's rattled. A BARTENDER looks over.

PURCELL

A shot of single malt.

Bartender slides the drink over. Purcell grabs it with unsteady hands and downs it.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Murderer! You fucking murderer!

Ethan suddenly reappears and lunges at Purcell. He throws a wild punch which grazes Purcell's forehead.

Purcell staggers back. Ethan's on him again, pounding away. Purcell vainly tries to fight back but Ethan is wild. The Bartender jumps into the fray and slams Ethan against the wall. Ethan winces in pain.

BARTENDER

Get him the fuck out of here.

TWO BURLY MEN step in, grab Ethan's arms and start dragging him toward the rear, passing the RESTROOMS along the way. Ethan struggles.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

ETHAN
Groin to gullet, Purcell.

7 EXT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

The men kick open the rear door and shove Ethan into the alley.

8 INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

8

The Bartender helps a shaken Purcell to his feet. He touches his forehead, finds blood.

BARTENDER

You okay?

Purcell nods and stumbles toward the restroom. On the way, he finds Ethan's copy of his book. He picks it up.

9 INT. SEEDY BAR RESTROOM - NIGHT

9

Purcell enters with the book. A single fluorescent strip BUZZES and FLICKERS intermittently, illuminating the cracked porcelain urinals, the sticky floor, the barred window.

At the sink, Purcell runs water over his handkerchief, then...

PURCELL'S POV - Looking into the graffiti-covered mirror, Purcell dabs at the small cut near his hairline.

THE STALL DOOR SWINGS OPEN

and Purcell WHIRLS around anxiously. A YOUNG BLACK MAN steps out of the stall, buckling up his belt as he strides over to the other sink. He notices Purcell's book.

PURCELL
(smiles)

My book.

The man couldn't care less, shoots Purcell a cold look then heads out through the DOOR. The door swings BACK AND FORTH with an eerie WHOOSHING SOUND...the fluorescent strip continues to flicker...until suddenly:

ZAP!

The light GOES OUT. At the same time:

SWOOSH...

The door swings open, this time revealing A TALL BLACK MAN dressed in a 19th century frock. SWOOSH...the door swings back again and the man is gone.

Purcell turns around and FLASH! The CANDYMAN is right in front of him. Purcell is startled...he gazes into Candyman's seductive eyes and...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

The FLASH of a HOOK. Then: the RIPPING of FLESH. Purcell CHOKES out a GASP. A SPRAY of BLOOD soils the white porcelain, splatters the mirrored cover of Purcell's book.

Purcell's body hits the floor. Gashed, split like a fish from neck to groin.

Candyman looks at his reflection in the mirror, his face filled with sorrow.

10 10 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DAY

Massive storm clouds roll in, canopying the Delta City like a shroud. We hear the VOICE of the KINGFISH, rock-and-roll D.J. for 96.2, New Orleans.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

KINGFISH (V.O.)

Three days left, New Orleans.
 Three days until Lent. So let's
 have it. The merriment before the
 penance...

VARIOUS IMAGES from the sprawling metropolis: The stately mansions of the Garden District...

KINGFISH (V.O.)

The feast before the fast. Do you
 hear me, New Orleans? This is The
 Kingfish, speaking to you at 96.2.

IMAGES from the hedonistic French Quarter: People everywhere, drinking in the streets, partying from the terraces. Tourists gawk at the revelry.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

You all know what 'carnival' means
 in Latin? Well, The Kingfish is
 going to tell you.

WE MOVE now to the squalid slums of the Marigny. Narrow streets line with shotgun shacks that were once white but now have faded to a dirty gray.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

"Farewell to the flesh" that's
 what it means.

One side street ends in the near distance at the bank of the Mississippi River. An enormous oil tanker floats past.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

And farewell to all that flooding
 is what I'd like to say. That's
 right, even the banks of the
 mighty Mississippi are ready to
 spill their seed. Look at that
 sky. Just how much more of
 heaven's tears can we take?

11 EXT. MARIGNY DISTRICT - DAY

11

CAMERA FOLLOWS a beat-up car through the grim maze of muddy, trash-strewn streets...passing scores of HOMELESS and UNEMPLOYED.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

And those clouds aren't the only
 thing threatening the Delta City.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

KINGFISH (cont'd)

I'm talking murder, mon amis. The sort we've seen before. The "Hookman" strikes again.

12 INT./EXT. ANNIE'S CAR/MARIGNY DISTRICT - DAY

ANNIE TARRANT, pretty, late 20's, drives her beat-up car through the squalor with an easy familiarity. She isn't afraid. Instead, she seems to absorb every image. She passes a graffiti mural on the side of a vacant building. Its powerful images draw her attention.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

And what do the police have to say? Very little. Tight lipped and tight assed as always...

Annie turns off the radio as she drives through a muddy puddle into the parking lot of St. Vincent's School.

13 INT. ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL - ART ROOM - DAY

A DRAWING OF A BLACK MAN'S FACE -- Frightening, menacing, angry, familiar. A hand enters the frame and delicately adds more color to the penetrating eyes. They suddenly seem to come alive.

Pull back to reveal the artist, a talented but brooding 15 year old boy named MATTHEW, adds a finishing touch. He sits apart from the other STUDENTS, all troubled, inner-city adolescents who cluster together in small groups.

Annie approaches Matthew. She admires his drawing.

ANNIE

Is he always so angry?

MATTHEW

(shrugs)

...Guess so.

A few tables over, DREW, a cocky student, laughs. Annie ignores the laughter but Matthew now feels self-conscious. He glances around. Annie gently draws Matthew back.

ANNIE

Why do you think that is?

MATTHEW

'Cause he's been hurt.

DREW

(mockingly)

Oh, he's been hurt.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

More SNICKERING. This time Annie quickly shoots a look at Drew and his cohorts. Fun's over. The kids immediately avert their eyes and resume their own drawing.

Annie looks back at Matthew and smiles warmly. Her eyes are filled with compassion.

ANNIE
Who hurt him, Matthew?

MATTHEW
...Everyone.

Annie looks concerned, maybe even wants to push this further but:

LIZ (O.S.)
Hey Annie, look. Look!

Distracted, Annie looks across the room and sees LIZ, a high-strung girl, painting her reflection on the mirror above the sink.

AT THE MIRROR

Annie approaches Liz who smiles proudly. She pulls Annie closer to the mirror.

LIZ
If you stand there, I can paint
you too.

Annie looks at her own reflection as Liz paints a line around her face. The paint drips down the mirror.

ANNIE
Why don't you try using paper,
Liz?

LIZ
No way. I hate paper. There's
nothing on it.

ANNIE
That's why it needs you. To fill
it up. Besides, you can't keep a
mirror.

LIZ
Why not? They don't go anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

Annie laughs; she's amused by Liz's logic. Liz starts giggling. They share a moment. Annie reaches up to adjust the mirror revealing...A MAN'S FACE reflected behind theirs.

Annie turns to face MR. JEFFRIES, the school principal. He fills the doorway and looks very serious.

HOLD ON Annie. She can tell by his expression that it's bad news.

14 EXT. ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL - DAY

14

MOVING WITH Annie as she hurries down the steps toward the parking lot. She nervously fumbles through her bag for her car keys. Mr. Jeffries follows alongside her, obviously concerned.

ANNIE

...And I promised I'd get them some plaster of paris --

MR. JEFFRIES

I know, for their masks... Annie, if there's one thing these kids understand, it's taking care of themselves.

ANNIE

I'll be back in the morning.

MR. JEFFRIES

Just go.

Annie smiles appreciatively then jumps in her car. Mr. Jeffries looks at her fondly as she quickly drives off.

15 EXT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

15

POLICE block the entrance, keeping REPORTERS and TV CAMERAS at bay.

16 INT. SEEDY BAR RESTROOM - MURDER SCENE - DAY

16

DETECTIVE PAM CARVER, mid-30's, well-dressed, removes the yellow police tape and enters. Purcell's body has been removed but a chalk outline remains. Carver catches her reflection in the mirror.

RAY (O.S.)

Hey Pam -- you moving in here or what?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

Carver turns. RAY LEVESQUE, her smart-ass partner waits impatiently at the door. Carver shoots him a withering look. Ray seems to know exactly what it means. Shrugs apologetically.

16 *

RAY
Whenever you're ready.

Ray quickly checks his hair in the mirror as Carver steps outside.

17 EXT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - DAY

Thunderheads loom over the sleek, terraced apartment building which has commanding views of the Mississippi River.

18 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LOBBY - DAY

A veritable fortress. TV cameras are discreetly perched in every corner along with electronic monitoring devices. Annie anxiously signs in at the hi-tech security desk manned by a CONCIERGE and armed SECURITY GUARDS.

The concierge glances at the BANK OF VIDEO MONITORS, one of which shows Annie entering an elevator.

19 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - ELEVATOR HALLWAY - DAY

Elevator doors open, Annie hops out. Hurries along corridor. At the other end, a door swings open. Immediately, an ALARM starts to WAIL. OCTAVIA TARRANT, a perfectly coiffed, elegant matron stands in the doorway, drink in hand, anxiously waving Annie inside.

20 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The duplex apartment is ultra modern, crammed with ornate furnishings. Gold leaf. Ball and claw legs. Mirrored walls. Octavia hovers by the hi-tech security keypad and video monitor, desperately punching in numbers until the alarm stops ringing. Annie rushes into the marble foyer.

ANNIE

Mother, aren't you ready yet?

Octavia wheels around, starts quickly up the stairs, drink in hand.

OCTAVIA

Lord, I hate that thing.

Annie follows Octavia closely, trying to keep her moving.

ANNIE

Then why keep it on all the time?

OCTAVIA

Please don't start with me, Annie.

ANNIE

Mother, tell me what Ethan said.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

OCTAVIA

He barely spoke to me. He only wants to see you.

Octavia turns at the top of the stairs, looks down at Annie.

OCTAVIA

Oh, Annie. I just...I mean, murder.

They share a look just as a PHONE starts RINGING O.S. Octavia starts off, followed once again by Annie.

20A INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - OCTAVIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 20A*

Octavia picks up a phone which sits on her mirrored vanity. She quickly locks an open drawer of the vanity where OLD PHOTOS and loose PAPERS are visible for a moment. She then slips the key between two books sitting on the dressing table.

OCTAVIA

Is this what you call a speedy response? I set the alarm off 45 seconds ago.

(a beat; as if talking to a child)

Code word? I'll give you the code word: Dickhead.

Octavia slams down the phone in frustration.

ANNIE

Mother...

OCTAVIA

When you reach my age, Annie, you get to say whatever the hell you want.

Annie watches with concern as Octavia downs the last of her drink.

ANNIE

Does Dr. Lewis let you drink?

OCTAVIA

Dr. Lewis thinks I'm dying of cancer. He says it doesn't make a difference what I do.

Octavia turns, looks at herself in the mirror. She suddenly realizes that her dress is hanging loosely on her thin frame. Annie smiles.

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

ANNIE

We'll get that taken in.

OCTAVIA

(fusses with her hair)
The only thing I regret is that I
never had time to grow out the
gray.

Octavia catches Annie's eye in the mirror.

OCTAVIA

I can tell you the exact day I got
sick, Annie. It was the day your
father died.

HOLD ON Annie. She remembers it all too well.

(CONTINUED)

20A

20A CONTINUED:

21

21 OMIT

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

22 EXT. NEW ORLEANS PARISH POLICE STATION - DAY

22

A STREETCAR CLANGS past as Annie and Octavia struggle up the steps, surrounded by a wave of REPORTERS. A barrage of questions and the intrusive assault of FLASHBULBS and SNAPPING cameras disorient them.

REPORTER #1

Mrs. Tarrant, can you make any comment on your son's arrest?

REPORTER #2

Was Ethan using drugs?

REPORTER #3

Is he also being charged with the other murders in the Esplanade?

OCTAVIA

(horrified)

Annie --

Suddenly they're separated. Annie fights her way through the crush toward Octavia who is overwhelmed by the onslaught.

ANNIE

Please -- get out of my way!

Annie finally reaches Octavia. Tries pulling her through the crowd toward the entrance but they're blocked, surrounded on all sides.

PAUL (O.S.)

Annie! Annie!

Annie spins around. Muscling through the swarm to Annie's aid is her husband PAUL MCKEEVER, 30's, rugged good looks, intense. At last a familiar face; Annie seems relieved.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Paul! Help my mother.

Paul quickly elbows his way over, throws a protective arm around Octavia's shoulders and helps guide her inside the precinct entrance.

23 INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

23

A hive of activity. Phones RINGING. People SHOUTING. WE FOLLOW Paul as he carries a cup of coffee to a waiting area where Annie sits with Octavia.

PAUL

Here you go, Octavia. Cup of Java, with all the fixings.

Octavia sips the coffee and smiles appreciatively.

OCTAVIA

It's the chickory, Annie. It settles my stomach.

(reaches up, takes Paul's hand)

You're a lifesaver, Paul. You'll make a great father someday... Of course, I'll be food for the worms by then.

(turns to Annie)
I'd like a winter funeral.
Especially with this climate.

Annie shoots an "I can't believe her" look at Paul. He just shrugs, "she's your mother".

24 24 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDORS - DAY

MOVING WITH Annie, Paul and Octavia as they follow a GUARD toward Interrogation Rooms. The Guard stops at a DOOR. Octavia is visibly upset.

ANNIE

Maybe it'd be better if I see him alone first.

Octavia almost looks relieved.

OCTAVIA

You're probably right. I wouldn't want to upset him.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

OCTAVIA
You're probably right. I wouldn't
want to upset him.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

PAUL
We'll be in the cafeteria.
(slips arm around Octavia)
C'mon Octavia, rumor in the
quarter is that the gumbo here is
mighty hot.

Paul winks at Annie then leads Octavia away. A beat. Annie takes a breath and nods at the Guard. He opens the door.

25 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25

Annie enters the bare, impersonal room where a guard stands by the door. Ethan is on the other side, still dressed in his clothes from the night before, staring at his reflection in a two-way mirror. His face brightens when he sees Annie. They embrace warmly. He pats her pockets for something but they're empty. He looks disappointed and slumps into a chair.

ANNIE
Mom made me promise.

Annie sits, then slyly takes a pack of cigarettes out of her bag. She slides them across the table to Ethan. He smiles and kisses the pack.

ETHAN
You always were my guardian angel.

He takes out a cigarette, breaks off the filter then lights up.

26 INT. POLICE STATION - ADJOINING OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

Detective Ray Levesque eavesdrops on Annie and Ethan through the two-way window. *

ETHAN
How is she?

ANNIE
Coping...in her own way.

ETHAN
Well I'll make sure you get her home in time for cocktails.

ANNIE
(imitating Octavia)
'It's for my nerves, Annie.'

They share a laugh. Ethan nervously smokes.

27 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back in the room again:

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Do you want me to call the dean?

ETHAN

Save your breath.

(off Annie's look)

He booted me out three months ago.

ANNIE

What?

ETHAN

Face it Annie, law school was
dad's dream. Besides, I hated the
bullshit cases, the cramming...

ANNIE

...the allnighters at every dive
in the Quarter...

ETHAN

(flippantly)

It's in the blood, don't you
know --

Annie's face hardens...she's had enough of Ethan's bullshit.

ANNIE

What happened last night?

Ethan maintains his cavalier pose.

ETHAN

You know the old story. An
asshole sits down and orders a
drink. Then he starts chewing on
his ice. Louder and louder. You
tell him to fuck off. He tells you
to fuck off. And before you know
it --

ANNIE

(cuts him off)

Ethan -- you're full of shit. Now
tell me what happened.

28 INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Annie and Ethan's conversation plays while Ray thumbs through a
stack of grisly crime-scene PHOTOS. He winces at the sight.
Suddenly Carver bursts into the room; she looks pissed.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

RAY

(re: PHOTOS)

Guy's a fucking freak. Too much in-breeding if you ask me.

CARVER

Ray, what the hell are you doing in here?

RAY

You think I'm gonna let some country club pissant slip through our fingers.

He shoves the photos across the table to Carver.

RAY

Boy's getting sloppy. His first three victims were John Does...

Intrigued, Carver starts looking through the photos. She lines them all up next to the photo of PURCELL'S BODY.

CARVER

Until number four.

(holds up last photo)

Mr. Coleman Tarrant. Murdered like all the rest.

RAY

(looking over her shoulder)
And guess who found Daddy's body?
None other than young Ethan.

We hear Annie and Ethan's conversation over the intercom:

ANNIE

Do you know who really did this?
Ethan, are you're protecting
someone?

ETHAN

(starts laughing)
Am I protecting someone!?

ANNIE

I'll call Clay McClelland. He'll--

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ETHAN
No. No lawyers!

RAY
(walks over to window)
Family has some friends.

CARVER
Can't help him now.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

RAY

I knew kids like him in school.
Always thought they were better
than me 'caused they lived in some
fucking mansion up on Esplanade
Avenue.

Ray flips through photos of the Esplanade mansion.

ANNIE

(over intercom)

Ethan, you can't charm your way
out of this one. We're talking
about murder.

ETHAN

(over intercom)

Don't you get it, Annie? I did
it. I confessed. End of story.

Carver looks at Ray and smiles.

CARVER

You know Ray, I've a feeling I'll
be enjoying Mardi Gras with my
husband after all.

28A INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28A*

Annie shakes her head, gazes up at Ethan.

ANNIE

I know what's going on here.

ETHAN

Really.

Ethan takes a long drag on his cigarette.

ANNIE

Sometimes people want to be
punished. Even if they did
nothing wrong.

Ethan blinks nervously; she's clearly hitting a nerve.

ANNIE

You didn't kill Dad, Ethan. All
you did was find him in the house
that night.

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED:

28A

ETHAN

(angering)

This has nothing to do with Dad.

ANNIE

I think it does.

ETHAN

Drop it, Annie.

ANNIE

Ethan --

ETHAN

(finally exploding)

Leave it alone!

Ethan hurls the ashtray at the two-way mirror. CRASH! The mirror explodes, shattering into slivers.

28B INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM

28B*

Ray jumps back.

RAY

God damn! Son of a bitch.

He clutches his hand -- blood. He's been cut. Carver tears out of the room. Ray follows.

29 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

29

Annie watches in anguish as two Guards grab Ethan's arms and restrain him in handcuffs.

ANNIE

I'm going to find out what happened.

Ethan looks at Annie with a mixture of frustration and fear. Carver and Ray arrive just as the Guards lead Ethan out of the room. Annie stays behind for a beat and tries to collect herself.

30 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAYS - DAY

30

MOVING with Annie and Carver.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ANNIE

...He doesn't even have an attorney yet.

CARVER

Your brother insisted on making a full confession.

ANNIE

But what evidence do you have? There's no murder weapon. There wasn't any blood on him.

CARVER

At least a dozen people heard him threaten the victim.

ANNIE

That doesn't mean he killed him.

CARVER

(stops)

Look, it's not just Dr. Purcell's murder we're talking about here.

ANNIE

Just what are you saying?

CARVER

It's possible Ethan was involved in your father's death.

Annie shoots a look of disbelief. Carver pulls out the photos of Purcell and Coleman and shows them to Annie. Horrified, Annie can barely look at them.

CARVER

They were killed in exactly the same way.

ANNIE

This is insane. Ethan worshipped my father. You have no idea what he's been through.

(a beat as she moves off)
Fry yourself another catfish,
Detective. My brother didn't do this.

Annie turns and storms off. Carver watches her go, perturbed, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

Annie turns and storms off. Carver watches her go, perturbed, lost in thought.

30

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

31 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

31

COSTUMED PARTYERS snake through jammed-packed STREETS. An explosion of COLOR and MUSIC. Mardi Gras in full swing.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

This is going out to the man with the hook. Relax, have some gumbo, fella.

32 EXT. NAPOLEON'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

32

Funky eatery just off the beaten path.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

Even the Kingfish know when to draw the line.

33 INT. NAPOLEON'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

33

It's late. Customers have fled to the streets. An EAGER BUSBOY races through his nightly ritual, almost a dance, as he finishes piling chairs on top of tables. Annie sits at a long counter, watching with amusement.

ANNIE

Going somewhere, Ben?

BUSBOY

(grins)

Gotta do the do.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Paul, still dressed in his chef whites, comes out of the kitchen just as Busboy takes off his apron and hurries off. Paul looks at Annie and mouths "Gotta do the do?" She smiles.

Paul notices Annie pushing her food around the plate.

PAUL

Too hot?

ANNIE

I'm just not hungry.

Paul picks up plate, sweeps the food into the garbage. She looks at him, bewildered.

ANNIE

Do you think a family can be cursed?

Paul shoots her a look.

ANNIE

When we were growing up, we thought we were the luckiest kids in the world. Ethan was so smart Daddy said he'd be the first Tarrant on the Supreme Court. But ever since Daddy died...there's been this cloud...

PAUL

(takes Annie's hand)
Think of the good stuff, Annie.
There's a classroom full of kids
who give a damn because of you.
You have a hunk for a husband...

Annie rolls her eyes and makes a face. Paul shrugs.

PAUL

Well at least your mother thinks so.

Paul grins. Annie smiles.

ANNIE

Let's get out of here.

PAUL

Thought you'd never ask.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

Paul pulls off his white smock then heads off to the back.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Annie moves toward the window, drawn by the endless parade of partyers. She stares, watching when...SMACK! Something hits the window. Annie jumps back.

ANGLE - WINDOW -- A DRUNKEN REVELER peers inside, his reddened, grotesque face squished against the glass. He POUNDS the window with a PLASTIC Candyman HOOK. His SLOBBERING FRIENDS gather around, LAUGHING and JEERING.

Paul REACTS angrily, rushes toward the window. Annie is repulsed.

PAUL

Hey! Get the hell out of here.
Goddamn tourists.

*
*

Paul watches as the Drunken Revelers flip him the finger then disappear into the passing celebration. Paul then looks up...

34 EXT. BALCONY ACROSS FROM NAPOLEON'S - NIGHT

34

A MAN and A WOMAN make love above the Bacchanalia below. He stands behind her, his pants around his ankles. Her skirt is hiked up as she pushes back against him.

35 INT. NAPOLEON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

35

Paul turns, sees that Annie's also watching the balcony tryst.

PAUL

Gotta do the do.

Annie smiles.

36 EXT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - NIGHT

36

A loft in the warehouse district.

37 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - NIGHT

37

Warm, welcoming. Filled with an eclectic blend of old and new. Lots of details and interesting mirrors. Paul is sound asleep in the bedroom. The apartment is dark except for a trace of light coming from the upstairs.

CAMERA FOLLOWS trail of light up the stairs into...

38 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - ANNIE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

38

A rooftop aerie with soaring ceilings and skylights.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Annie sits in front of a large MIRROR, staring at her reflection, examining every detail and nuance of her face. She then turns to her unfinished canvas--a self-portrait--and adds some color and shading to the eyes. A beat. She shakes her head in frustration. Dissatisfied. Her mind is obviously elsewhere.

She glances at the NEWSPAPER lying on her work table. Headlines and photos offer lurid details about Purcell's murder and Ethan's arrest.

Annie dumps her paint brushes into a can of turpentine. Then tears off the front page of the newspaper and uses it to clean off her brushes.

Annie reaches up for a BOX OF FAMILY PHOTOS. She takes out an old snapshot of herself and Ethan as kids. She stares at it, then digs out a picture of Octavia and Coleman. She's lost in thought, remembering, until...

SOMEONE STEPS UP BEHIND HER...

She REACTS. Nearly JUMPS out of her skin. The box of photos spills all over the floor.

PAUL

Hey, it's only me.

ANNIE

(catching her breath)

Jesus, don't ever do that --

PAUL

(picking up photos)

Sorry, I thought you heard me.

He hands her the photos then notices her unfinished portrait.

PAUL

(admiring it)

Hey...

ANNIE

(shrugs it off)

I just can't seem to finish it.

Annie sits back down on the sofa with the photos. Paul comes behind her and leans over. She shows him an old family snapshot: Ethan, Annie, Octavia and Coleman.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

ANNIE
(ironically)
The happy family.

PAUL
(kisses Annie)
We'll do better.

Annie turns, smiles; she trusts him. They kiss. Paul reaches over and picks up a photo of Annie, 13, and Ethan, 10, in front of the Esplanade plantation. They are holding suitcases.

ANNIE
Daddy took this when we moved. It
was the saddest day of my
life...until he died.

HOLD ON PHOTO of Esplanade manor house...

39 EXT. ESPLANADE DISTRICT STREETS - DAY

39

OVERHEAD as Paul's car drives through a squalid, crime-infested slum. KINGFISH is on the airwaves.

KINGFISH (V.O.)
Are you with me Delta City? Do
you FEEL it? When the Catholic
Church realized they couldn't rid
us of our pagan way, they invited
us in. But now time is running
out. So pinch the claws and suck
the heads...

40 OMIT

40

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

OMIT

41 INT/EXT PAUL'S CAR - ESPLANADE AVENUE - DAY

CLOSE ON Paul's hand as he flicks off the radio.

Paul looks up and suddenly: SPLAT! A plastic cup of beer splashes the windshield. Paul jumps. The car swerves slightly. Annie turns around and sees a DERELICT ranting and raving in the middle of the street.

PAUL

Shit.

ANNIE

You okay?

PAUL

(turns toward Annie)

Four murders on this block last year. Why shouldn't I be okay?

Paul takes a deep breath, shakes his head and makes the final approach to...

ESPLANADE MANOR -- The house from Annie's photos. The imposing white columned Greek Revival mansion is now just a decaying, neglected relic, held captive on an overgrown piece of muddy land.

Paul stops the car. He reaches past Annie and takes a cellular phone out of the glove compartment.

ANNIE

What's that for?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

PAUL
Just in case.

Annie rolls her eyes.

42 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - DAY

42

Paul and Annie get out of the car and look around. Paul is both awed and wary. The place is a dump.

PAUL
Jesus...

Annie is upset by what she sees. Graffiti. Garbage. French windows are smashed. Ivy covers the walls. Paul clicks his car alarm on. CHIRP! Annie looks at him, smiles.

ANNIE
Good idea.

Paul shrugs. He's not taking any chances.

43 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR- FIRST FLOOR - DAY

43

Paul follows Annie into the huge, two-story foyer which opens onto cavernous, empty ROOMS. The house is cold, desolate, silent. Paul peers up at the carved ceiling and spins around in a circle, taking in every detail: scrolled mouldings, upholstered walls, now faded and tattered, a shattered crystal chandelier...

When Paul turns around, Annie's gone. Suddenly, he's all alone.

PAUL
Annie? Annie...

ANNIE (O.S.)
I'm up here.

PAUL
(to himself)
Up here? Where's up here?

44 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - STAIRCASE - DAY

44

Moving with Paul up curving staircase as he climbs uneasily toward the second floor. His FOOTSTEPS ECHO...

45 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

45

Floorboards CREAK as Paul pads down the filthy hallway. Walls are covered in mud and graffiti. Garbage everywhere. SOUNDS of

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

DRIPPING WATER. Moss and mold have taken over the ceilings. He passes room after room crammed with sleeping bags, blankets and trash bags stuffed with clothing; people are living here.

PAUL

Annie, I don't think we're alone.

Paul hears a LOUD THUMPING SOUND coming from behind a half-opened door. He pauses outside and listens.

PAUL

Annie?

The THUMPING SOUND continues from inside the darkened room. Paul looks up and down the hallway. He's definitely alone. He presses open the door into...

46 46 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - DARKENED ROOM - DAY

Paul enters and...SWOOSH! a BIRD swoops over his head. He REACTS and watches the bird as it frantically flaps around the room. Finally it settles down and lands on the floor. Paul approaches it.

PAUL

Hey little feller...

Paul reaches down when suddenly a HAND grabs hold of his. Paul rears back in shock as a SCRAGGLY VAGRANT stands over him.

SCRAGGLY VAGRANT

Keep your fuckin' hands off my things.

PAUL

Sorry. Didn't mean to get in your way. I just made a wrong turn.

SCRAGGLY VAGRANT

(muttering)

Goddamn fool...just like the others.

Annie suddenly appears behind Paul.

ANNIE

Paul.

Paul jumps, then is visibly relieved, moves toward Annie. The vagrant keeps his distance.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Annie, I was just telling Mr...

Paul stops in his tracks. Suddenly, as if out of the woodwork, half a dozen more VAGRANTS appear in the doorway behind Annie. He grabs Annie's arm. She turns and sees the suspicious, unfriendly crowd.

ANNIE

Listen, we don't want to bother you...

The vagrants glare, unconvinced.

ANNIE

We're just looking around. That's all. See, I grew up here.

Annie takes Paul's hand and leads him out of the room. The vagrants let them pass.

PAUL

(nervously points to Annie)
I'm with her.

47 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY 47

Paul starts to head back toward staircase.

PAUL

And I thought I met all your relatives.

But Annie pulls him back in the opposite direction, toward the far end of the hallway.

ANNIE

C'mon.

Paul looks at her like she's crazy.

PAUL

There's more?
(follows her)
Annie, what exactly are we looking for?

ANNIE

Something happened to Ethan that night.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

PAUL
Yeah, he found your father.

ANNIE
No...it was more than that.

48 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

48

Annie leads Paul inside. The room has been trashed. The only relic still remaining from the old days is an antique mirror hanging over the fireplace. Paul approaches the window which overlooks the jungle-like backyard and river.

PAUL

Now this is what I like. A room with a view.

ANNIE

(approaches window)

This was my room.

49 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - DAY

49

Annie points to the HALF-SUNKEN SHACK lost amid the wild undergrowth. Plants and vines cling to it.

50 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

50

ANNIE

That was once the slave quarters. It was the one place Ethan and I could never play.

Paul watches Annie move across the room and open a small door which leads to a narrow, twisting corridor.

ANNIE

This is where it happened.

Paul hesitates. She looks at him. He shoots a "do you really want to do this?" look at Annie. She seems to be saying "yes, I have to." Her face is filled with resolve.

50 A INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SERVANTS HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

50 A

Annie enters the corridor. Paul follows reluctantly behind. Suddenly he catches his foot on a rickety floor board. He stumbles and twists his ankle.

PAUL

Damn!

ANNIE

You okay?

50 B INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 50 B

Paul exits the hall, sits on the window sill and rubs his ankle.

PAUL
Yeah, I'll live.

He stands, tests out the ankle.

(CONTINUED)

50 B CONTINUED:

50 B

ANNIE
Stay here. I'll be right back.

PAUL
(protesting)

Annie...

And Annie disappears through the door into the corridor.

51 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SERVANT'S HALLWAYS - DAY

51

MOVING WITH ANNIE THROUGH MAZE OF HALLWAYS. Twisting, GRAFFITIED corridors, used at one time by the servants. Walls have huge, gaping holes in them and are splattered with dark stains. Annie stops by a door. She hesitates, takes a breath. Finally she places her hand on the knob, turns it and enters.

52 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SHRINE ROOM - DAY

52

A ROOM FILLED WITH DOZENS OF MIRRORS -- All shapes and sizes. Annie GASPS, shaken by the unexpected sight of her infinite reflections. But she quickly recovers and starts looking around.

The room is a SHRINE to the CANDYMAN. Candles cover the floor and window sills. JARS FULL OF DEAD BEES. Decaying HONEYCOMBS. The walls are painted with hideous images of Cabrini Green: SCREAMING FACES; A BLACK MAN being chased by a CROWD. Graffiti is scrawled all over: SWEETS TO THE SWEET, etc.

Intrigued, Annie picks through the honeycombs, jars of dead bees, etc., wondering what it all means.

BACK TO:

53 INT. ESPLANADE MANSION - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

53

Paul hears VOICES. He moves across the room, pries open the French windows.

53 A EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - VERANDA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

53 A

Paul steps onto the veranda, looks down.

54 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - DAY

54

TWO VAGRANTS stand around Paul's car.

54 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - DAY

TWO VAGRANTS stand around Paul's car.

54

55 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - VERANDA/INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

55

Paul mutters to himself:

PAUL

Great.

(nervously, to himself)

Annie, c'mon.

Paul sees one of the vagrants trying the car door. Paul clicks his car alarm. The alarm CHIRPS. The vagrants back away from the car.

PAUL

C'mon guys...

The vagrants look up at Paul and start laughing and mocking him: "You want us to come up? He said come up."

PAUL

Shit.

Paul takes out his phone and heads immediately back into the bedroom. But the phone doesn't work. He hits it and shakes it but still gets no outside line.

PAUL

Piece of shit.

Paul leans against the wall and keeps trying the phone. Suddenly, ANNIE emerges and scares the bejesus out of him. He REACTS and drops the phone.

PAUL

Don't ever do that again.

ANNIE

Let's go.

55 A EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - DAY

55 A

FROM A HIGH ANGLE we see Paul and Annie approach the car.

ANNIE

It was like some kind of shrine.
Why the hell was my father in a
place like that?

PAUL

Maybe he was superstitious.

(CONTINUED)

55 A CONTINUED:

55 A

ANNIE

Coleman Tarrant? He was a lawyer.
He believed in the here and
now...not in the hereafter.

PAUL

Sounds like someone I know.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL the scraggly vagrant, who stares at them
with a haunted look in his eyes.

SCRAGGLY VAGRANT

(quietly)

Candyman...

55B EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - GROUNDS - DAY

55B*

The rear of the house peeks through as WE MOVE DOWN the
cluttered, tangled overgrowth...finally revealing in the
foreground: the reverse side of the decrepit SLAVE SHACK. As
CAMERA SETTLES we see the muddy Mississippi River lapping
against the shack's rotted rafters.

56 OMIT

56

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

OMIT

57 EXT. ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL - DAY

57*

Paul's car pulls up to the back entrance, where a pick-up game of basketball is in progress.

58 INT. PAUL'S CAR - ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL PARKING AREA - DAY

58*

Annie's about to get out.

PAUL

I wish you'd take the day off.

ANNIE

Right now those kids are the only things keeping me sane.

Paul nods understandingly. Annie gets out of car and heads inside the school.

59 EXT. ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL - OUTER CORRIDOR - DAY

59*

Annie hurries along toward her classroom. As she nears the door, she hears: LOUD VOICES... SHOUTING...

60 INT. ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL - ART ROOM - DAY

60*

Annie throws open the door and looks around the room in shock. Complete anarchy. The kids wear homemade Mardi Gras masks and huddle in a circle, JEERING and SHOUTING as Matthew and Drew fight. A BEFUDLED SUBSTITUTE TEACHER throws up her hands and rushes toward Annie.

BEFUDLED TEACHER

We were making masks for their party...

ANNIE

Thanks. I'll take over from here.

The woman shrugs and leaves. Annie breaks through the circle.

ANNIE

Hey! Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

The kids move away but the fight continues. Finally, Annie pulls the boys apart. Matthew and Drew glare at each other.

ANNIE

Enough. Now what's going on?

Annie looks around but no one says a word.

ANNIE

Drew...

DREW

(points at Matthew)

He fucking started it.

ANNIE

(to Drew)

Hey!

MATTHEW

Liar.

DREW

He did. Just look at it.

Drew points to something in Matthew's hand. Matthew quickly hides it behind his back.

ANNIE

Matthew...

She holds out her hand but Matthew refuses to show her what he's hiding. A beat. Annie insists. Finally Matthew reveals his secret: it's a disturbing drawing of a terrified black man being chased by 3 white men. The black man resembles the Candyman.

ANNIE

Who's this?

MATTHEW

No one.

DREW

He's the liar.

ANNIE

Matthew, tell me.

Mattehw looks around at all the kids, then turns to Annie.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MATTHEW
It's the Candyman. They killed
him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Annie scans the room; the kids seem apprehensive. Matthew just stares at her.

ANNIE

Listen guys...there is no Candyman. It's only a story. A really scary story. And these...
(picks up drawing)
...just come from Matthew's imagination.

DREW

But what about all those murders?

ANNIE

There are people in this world who do bad things. Horrible things. And sometimes if they don't get caught we start blaming imaginary monsters for their crimes. That's all the Candyman is. An imaginary monster.

MATTHEW

But he lives in the mirror.

All eyes turn to Matthew.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MATTHEW

That's how he gets you...from the mirror.

DREW

Five times. If you say his name five times he comes for you.

The kids turn back to Annie. She glances over at the mirror.

ANNIE

C'mon Matthew...Drew. You guys don't really believe this?

Annie turns to the other students who stare back at her, terrified. She's not going to be able to talk her way out of this one.

ANNIE

I guess I'll have to prove it, huh?

Annie glances back at the mirror.

ANNIE

Five times...

ANNIE STANDS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR

All the kids huddle around. Except Matthew. He stands farther back than the rest.

ANNIE

Well, here goes...

Annie turns toward the mirror. Takes in her reflection and the kids in the background. She takes a breath, then...

ANNIE

...Candyman...Candyman...

Matthew starts backing away.

ANNIE

...Candyman...Candyman...

Annie pauses and glances at all the faces: anxious, excited, uncertain. And Matthew...his face is filled with trepidation.

ANNIE

...Candyman.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

No one moves a hair. All eyes are fixed on the mirror and Annie. Annie waits a long beat, then slowly turns around to face the class. She breaks into a relieved smile.

The kids burst into LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE.

Matthew, though, is still uneasy. He moves away, drawn to something at the window. Storm clouds are rolling in.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

Annie, overcome with curiosity, starts toward Matthew. An INSISTENT BUZZING O.S. fills the room. It grows LOUDER and LOUDER as Annie draws closer to Matthew. Finally she sees what he's staring at:

ANNIE'S POV -- A BEE repeatedly SMACKS against the window pane. BUZZING angrily, desperate to get inside. After a few more feeble attempts, it finally collapses on the sill, half-dead.

Matthew turns toward Annie and takes her hand. They lock eyes.

CUT TO

61 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

61

A sharp knife scrapes remains of catfish carcass into trash.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Paul finishes cleaning up from dinner. Annie helps but seems distracted.

PAUL

I can't believe you really did that.

ANNIE

Well it was the only way I could convince them.

PAUL

And maybe yourself.

Annie stops what she's doing, looks at Paul.

ANNIE

What do you mean?

PAUL

You know exactly what I mean.

Annie makes a face and tries to move by Paul. But he grabs her, draws her closer. She averts her eyes and tries to break out of his embrace. He kisses Annie. Her defenses begin to dissolve.

ANNIE

I'm sorry. It's just...

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

PAUL

Ethan.

She nods. Paul understands.

ANNIE

He's sticking to his story.

PAUL

I wish I could do something...

A beat. Annie looks at Paul with a mixture of love and sadness. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. He wishes he could erase her pain. She returns his kisses...at first softly, but then with growing passion.

61 A EXT. MARIGNY DISTRICT - NIGHT

61 A*

Threatening clouds roll in over the grim, bombed-out ghetto. *

61 B INT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

61 B*

Threadbare but neat. Religious icons hang in every room. REVEREND ELLIS, a large man -- Matthew's father -- is shutting off the lights.

REVEREND ELLIS

Matthew, time for bed.

61 C INT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

61 C*

A dark, crowded space. Matthew doesn't answer, just keeps drawing in his sketchbook.

ANGLE - MATTHEW'S DRAWING -- Once again, he's sketching the chase and murder of Daniel Robitaille. Now his hand moves quicker, he's drawing another figure at a feverish rate. He suddenly stops. For the first time we see what he's drawing: IT'S ANNIE.

Matthew's eyes fill with fear as he stares down at the picture. *

CLOSE ON the sketch of Annie...her look of anguish... *

CUT TO *

62 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

CLOSE ON Annie lying in bed next to Paul. They're nestled in each other's arms. They've just made love. Paul dozes but Annie is wide awake. Room is lit only by CANDLELIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

She gets out of bed. Pads toward French windows. Opens them onto terrace. She takes in the night air. SOUNDS of Mardi Gras filter up from the street. The MUSIC outside has shifted to heavy tribal drumming, the beat hard and steady, pounding over and over.

Suddenly Paul comes up from behind and nuzzles Annie.

PAUL
(suggestively)
Ready for dessert?

ANNIE
Again?

He raises an eyebrow. Annie smiles, swats Paul on the butt as he pulls on a robe and heads toward the kitchen.

62 A INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

62 A*

A damp towel is tossed onto the floor.

Annie looks at her reflection in a mirror.

ANNIE
(softly, like a mantra)
There are no monsters.

She stares for a long moment then smiles when she hears Paul SINGING O.S.

63 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

63

Paul SINGS happily as he pulls out a creme brulee and wine bottle from the fridge. He rifles through drawers, cabinets, etc. searching for a corkscrew and glasses. Finds them. Tries uncorking bottle. SNAP! The cork breaks.

PAUL

Goddamn...Shit!

64 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

64

Annie hears Paul cursing. Turns away from mirror, amused.

ANNIE

(calls out)

Need any help in there?

PAUL (O.S.)

Just mind your own business.

Annie laughs, turns back toward mirror. She fusses with her hair for a moment. Pulls it back, then up. She shrugs and just lets it fall naturally.

Annie suddenly glimpses a FIGURE moving in the shadows behind the GLASS BRICK. She stares in the mirror and smiles...

ANNIE

Paul...

No response as she flicks off the light. Immediately we see: CANDYMAN'S reflection in the mirror.

CANDYMAN

(barely a whisper)

Annie...

The VOICE sends chills down Annie's spine; it's not Paul's. She turns around and REACTS as the Candyman steps into the light. FLASH...she suddenly feels a little dizzy...woozy.

CANDYMAN

I am the writing on the wall, the whisper in the classroom.

She grabs hold of the sink and steadies herself.

ANNIE

Please...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Annie pulls herself along the edge of the sink toward the door. FLASH...her knees almost give way. She gazes in the mirror, tries focusing. But her eyes are heavy and her head rings with LAUGHTER...SHOUTING...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON one of Matthew's Candyman drawings...

ZOOM! BACK TO ANNIE'S FACE...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON Daniel Robitaille running in terror...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON BEES eating into flesh...Daniel Robitaille's flesh...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON Matthew's drawing of same...

ZOOM! BACK TO ANNIE...

ANNIE

No...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON the fallen Daniel Robitaille being taunted by vigilantes...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON BEES eating into Daniel Robitaille's flesh...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON ANNIE'S EYES...

ZOOM! CLOSE ON Matthew's drawing...

ZOOM! BACK TO ANNIE...

65 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

65

Then just as her vision fades, Annie sees CANDYMAN standing right behind her, staring at her with a look of longing...

CANDYMAN

I came for you, Annie.

66 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

66

Paul places the last glass on a tray loaded with dessert, wine, glasses, etc. He picks it up and WE MOVE with him as he walks toward the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

PAUL
Ready or not!

67 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

67

Annie stares in the mirror, unable to move. She hears Paul SINGING O.S. He's getting closer. With every effort she tries to warn him:

ANNIE
...Paul...no...

67A INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

67A*

PULL BACK with Paul, still singing, as he moves down hallway with his tray.

67B INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

67B*

The Candyman presses himself against Annie. He drinks in her smell.

CANDYMAN
We have a journey to make, you and
I...

Annie shakes her head feebly.

ANNIE
...No.

INTERCUT WITH

68 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

68*

Paul moving down hallway toward bedroom. He almost trips over Annie's shoes. He steadies the tray and pretends he's on an obstacle course.

PAUL
McKeever rounds the curve and
he...Yes! saves the dessert...
disaster averted.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

69 69 INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Back to Annie terrified, trying to fight against Candyman's spell. She spins around and knocks the glass off the sink. It SMASHES on the floor. Suddenly she's alone in the bathroom. She looks around for Candyman when she hears Paul's tray CRASH to the floor O.S.

ANNIE

No!

Annie rushes out the bathroom door.

69A 69A* INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

MOVING with Annie. She tears down the hallway, turns the corner. She reaches the door and throws it open.

At first she only sees Paul but then as the door swings open wider she sees Candyman grabbing Paul from behind. Annie REACTS with horror as Paul struggles.

Candyman's HOOK stabs into Paul's back. Annie rushes to Paul's aid as Candyman drives his hook deeper into Paul's back.

Annie reaches Paul just as Candyman's hook bursts through Paul's stomach. Annie's face is SPLATTERED with blood.

Paul's mouth gapes open in AGONY as the CANDYMAN'S HOOK LIFTS him up, off his feet.

Annie SCREAMS as she looks up into Paul's horror-filled face. His feet dangle off the floor...

Suddenly, Annie charges at the Candyman. At the same moment, he throws Paul's bloody body to the floor like a limp rag doll.

Annie lashes out at Candyman. Fingernails RAKE his face, opening wounds. GOO-COVERED BEES emerge from the gashes. Horrified, she realizes this is no fake carnival mask. The Candyman IS REAL.

Annie backs away in horror. She turns and races back down the hallway toward the bathroom.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CANDYMAN'S FACE -- His wounds close up.

BACK TO ANNIE -- as she reaches the hallway door, hurries through and SLAMS it shut.

69B INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

69B*

MOVING WITH Annie. She races along, turns corner and charges back toward the bathroom.

69C INT. ANNIE & PAUL'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

69C*

Annie enters and suddenly Candyman is standing right in front of her. She REACTS, terrified. She staggers and falls down.

WE MOVE with Annie as she SCRAMBLES toward the bathtub.

(CONTINUED)

69C CONTINUED:

The Candyman comes closer, closer. He reaches toward her, his hook coming straight for her neck. Annie can barely move. She trembles violently.

Just then...BAM! Paul, ripped and bloodied, JUMPS on the Candyman with the last of his strength.

PAUL
Run, Annie. Ru...

Candyman wheels around.

Annie cowers back into the corner of the tub and watches as Candyman slashes Paul to shreds.

BLOOD SPLATTERS the bathtub glass.

Annie then turns and sees Candyman's figure approaching on the other side of the rippled glass.

ANNIE'S POV THROUGH RIPPLED GLASS -- The Candyman comes closer, reaching out for her.

CANDYMAN
Annie...be with me. You're mine.

As Candyman gets closer and closer, Annie's eyes roll back and she BLACKS OUT.

70 OMIT

70

71 OMIT

71

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

In the darkness, horrible SOUNDS, RETCHING, MOANING, PLEADING. SOUNDS filled with PAIN and ANGUISH, like the chatter of Hell.

72 INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

72

GRADUALLY FADE IN

Figures begin to emerge. At first hazy, then more distinct.

WE see: A FAT ANGEL with a five o'clock shadow, his wings wilted and grimy. He pukes on the floor. WE MOVE FURTHER ALONG passing a WOMAN DRESSED AS A PRIEST.

We are in the booking area of the police station.

WE stop at A ROW OF CUBICLES. Ray walks with Lt. Carver. Only snippets of their whispered conversation can be heard.

RAY

If you ask me...that family hit
the jackpot in the shit
sweepstakes.

73 INT. POLICE STATION - CUBICLE - NIGHT

73

Annie sits in a chair. Carver moves over to her as Ray hangs back with a look of total skepticism. Tear-streaked and wretched, Annie's whole body SHIVERS and SHAKES.

ANNIE

It...was...h..him. He killed
Paul. I tried to stop him. I
tried. Oh God...

CARVER

Take your time, Ms. Tarrant.
Anything you can remember...

ANNIE

It was him...

CARVER

Who? Who is he?

ANNIE

...He came out of the shadows.
His arm was a hook. Bees were
crawling out of his face.

CARVER

(delicately)

Ms. Tarrant, this is Mardi Gras.
If what you saw was some freak in
a costume --

ANNIE

(wipes tears; rising to anger)
No! It wasn't a mask! I touched
him. He was real.

(a beat)

This blood is real.

CARVER

(shoots look at Ray)

Of course.

ANNIE

It wasn't a dream. Oh God, it
wasn't a dream.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Ray shoots a look at Carver. He isn't buying any of this.
HURRIED FOOTSTEPS approach O.S.

OCTAVIA (O.S.)
Annie! Oh thank heaven!

ANNIE
Oh, Mom...

Octavia swoops past Carver and Ray and embraces Annie like a mother lion protecting her cub. Annie weeps uncontrollably in Octavia's arms.

OCTAVIA
Oh my baby, I'm here.

ANNIE
...he's gone...Paul's gone. God,
I loved him so much.

OCTAVIA
Sshhh. I know honey...

Carver and Ray stand around, awkwardly watching.

OCTAVIA
Please Detective, hasn't my daughter been through enough tonight? What more do you want from her?

CARVER
Actually we need her to make a full report. While everything's still fresh in her mind.

CUT TO

74 INT. POLICE STATION - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

74

A COMPUTER SCREEN -- THE FACE OF A BLACK MAN

None of his features quite match. They're all made up of different strips. He doesn't look much like the Candyman.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Jawline?

ANNIE (O.S.)
Squarer.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

74

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

Annie and a weary, outrageously costumed COMPUTER OPERATOR, who was obviously just dragged away from some Mardi Gras party, sit in front of the photofit computer. The Operator punches in a key. Another, squarer, jawline slots onto the face.

ANNIE

No.

Carver and Ray stand behind them at the back of the room, drinking coffee and watching.

The Operator hits another key. Another jawline slots in. This time, Annie half-heartedly nods.

OPERATOR

Okay. Mouth?

ANNIE

...Wider.

The Operator taps at the keys. A long, blond Farrah Fawcett HAIRDO slots in. The Operator chuckles to himself. He's still in the party mode. Ray laughs, too. Carver, however, is not amused.

CARVER

I bet you're quite the cut-up at funerals too.

OPERATOR

Sorry.

(hits a key)

How's this?

The mouth is now wider. Annie's expression darkens. The face is beginning to look more like the Candyman.

OPERATOR

Eyes?

ANNIE

Deeper...piercing...

The Operator taps away at the keys. He glances at Annie. She shakes her head. He keeps tapping away, until... Annie stiffens. A CHILL up her spine. She says nothing and just stares...

ANGLE - SCREEN -- The face of CANDYMAN stares back out at Annie.

Carver picks up Annie's reaction. She moves closer and stands right behind Annie.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

CARVER
Is that the man you saw?

Annie can't speak. Carver and the Operator exchange glances.

CARVER
Print it up.

The Operator punches the keys. Printer WHIRS as it spits out the composite. Carver grabs it. Ray steals a look, then shakes his head skeptically.

75 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

75

Annie chases after Ray and Carver.

ANNIE
What about my brother?

CARVER
Ms. Tarrant, there's no reason to suspect that your husband's murderer is in anyway connected --

ANNIE
That's bullshit! You know it.
(points to photo)
He's your murderer. My brother's innocent.

Ray isn't sympathetic.

RAY
Well if he is, then that just leaves you, doesn't it?

ANNIE
(glares)
You think keeping him locked up will make this city safer? That you'll be able to sleep at night? You don't know.

CARVER
Look, until we can find this man...

ANNIE
But you won't. Not the way you think.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

RAY

Then we'll just have to proceed
with our case, won't we?

ANNIE

God help you.

Upset, Annie storms off. Carver stares after Annie, deep in thought. Ray shakes his head, turns to Carver and shrugs.

76 EXT. OCTAVIA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

76

Relatively quiet and free from Mardi Gras crowds. Octavia's car winds through streets.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

Oh yes. Oh yes. Oh YES. Now you
making me proud, New Orleans. We
are eating the meat raw. I tell
you what...

77 INT./EXT. OCTAVIA'S CAR - OCTAVIA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

77

Octavia drives. She glances over at Annie, huddled across the seat, just staring out the window, lost in her sadness. Kingfish plays on radio.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

...I am not going home until this
is over. Someone bring me a
hurricane, someone find this
Kingfish a woman.

Octavia passes a GROUP OF KIDS leaving a party. They're LAUGHING and pretty wasted. ONE of them is dressed all in black, like a "fire and brimstone" Preacher. He carries a sign: "HE KNOWS."

KINGFISH (V.O.)

Lent in two days, mon amis, and I
want something tasty to give up.

Octavia looks at Annie with concern. She still seems in shock.

OCTAVIA

We're almost home, honey.

78 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

78

Annie lies in bed, exhausted. Octavia sits beside Annie, hands her sleeping pills and a glass of water. Annie dutifully swallows them then lies back.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

ANNIE
Do you think I'm crazy, too?

OCTAVIA
Annie don't talk like that.

ANNIE
Mother...I saw something. He just
appeared out of nowhere...

OCTAVIA
(doesn't want to hear it)
Sshhh.

ANNIE
...Why did Daddy go to the house
that night? What did he know?

Octavia stiffens, fights back something powerful.

OCTAVIA
Annie, please... You need to rest.

ANNIE
(eyes heavy, barely awake)
Did he ever...talk about...him?
About...the Candyman?

OCTAVIA
Shhh, just go to sleep. That's
what you need. That's what we all
need.

Annie MUTTERS incoherently. Tries to fight off sleep. But the
pills have taken over. Her eyes close and she drifts off.
Relieved, Octavia shuts off the light and turns to leave.

79 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

79

VARIOUS ANGLES as WE FOLLOW Octavia from room to room,
performing her nightly ritual. She obsessively checks all the
sliding doors and windows, making sure they're securely locked
and bolted. Finally, she activates the security system keypad.
A RED LIGHT CLICKS ON. Octavia feels reassured.

80 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - FOYER - NIGHT

80*

Octavia is taking out photos from her cabinet safe. Coleman's
photo drops to the floor. Octavia picks it up. Touches the
photo with her fingertips and fights back tears.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

A NOISE...CREAKING SOUNDS...

Octavia looks up uneasily just as...

AN IMAGE FLASHES in the side panel of the vanity mirror.

Octavia thinks she's seen it but she's not sure. She whirls around nervously. Only sees her reflections in the mirrors. She's all alone. She reaches for the PANIC BUTTON on the wall near her safe. Her finger hovers over it, waiting...

81 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - HALLWAY

81

On edge, Octavia pads along, listening for more noises. But the apartment is now quiet. Utterly silent. Octavia breathes a sigh of relief.

82 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY

82

The SUN coming up over the Mississippi River.

83 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

83

Annie stirs, her eyes drift open. She stares around the room, disoriented. Everything seems peaceful, quiet. She climbs out of bed and goes over to the glass doors. She slides them open and steps out onto

84 EXT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - TERRACE - DAY

84

Annie pads over to the edge of the terrace. She takes in the view of the Mississippi River. Black thunderheads hang oppressively over the city. Annie hears a LOUD KNOCKING coming from behind her. She turns around, faces the reflective glass doors. Sees only her reflection. Hears more KNOCKING. She looks over to the next window and sees

ANNIE'S POV THROUGH WINDOW -- OCTAVIA IN THE KITCHEN

*

Making breakfast. She smiles and waves to Annie. Holds up a cup and says "coffee?" Annie smiles and nods. Octavia smiles and returns to making breakfast.

Annie walks back toward the terrace doors, reaches to open them when...

*

*

FLASH! CANDYMAN'S FACE APPEARS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. Annie staggers back in terror. FLASH! Candyman's face looms closer. Annie grabs the railing to keep her balance.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

CANDYMAN

Annie...

ANNIE

...No.

Annie's eyelids grow heavy. She's paralyzed.

CANDYMAN

You brought me here.

ANNIE

You killed Paul...

CANDYMAN

Swallow your horror and let it
nourish you. Come with me and
sing the song of misery.Annie sees a PORTRAIT on the wall in the bedroom. A painting of
a YOUNG WOMAN, an exquisite beauty.

CANDYMAN

Share my world, Annie. You can't
fight your destiny.Annie is compelled to stare at the portrait. The Woman's smile
is secretive, cryptic. And her eyes are mesmerizing, so full of
life and love; they stare off at her secret lover whose image is
painted in a DISTINCTIVE MIRROR in the portrait's background.
He's also the ARTIST, a black man--Daniel Robitaille.

CANDYMAN

You can't change what you are.
Your cradle will be your grave.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

ANNIE
No! No!!

Suddenly the Candyman is gone. Annie looks over at Octavia in the kitchen and is horrified to see

ANNIE'S POV -- Candyman stands behind Octavia. She is unaware, waves for Annie to come inside. Candyman raises his hook...

Annie tries to scream just as...

SPLASH!!!! BLOOD splatters the kitchen doors!

Annie finally lets out a primal SCREAM...

85 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

...Annie JOLTS AWAKE...still SCREAMING.

85

ANNIE
...No!

She bats wildly at the air until Octavia grabs her hands.

OCTAVIA
Annie. Annie. It's okay. You're okay.

Annie looks around the room in a panic. Finally realizes where she is. Octavia fusses over a breakfast tray.

OCTAVIA
You were dreaming.

In a flash, suddenly all the memories come crashing back to Annie. Tears fill her eyes. She holds her mouth.

ANNIE
Oh God...Paul...

Annie jumps out of bed, heads into the bathroom and RETCHES.

Octavia hurries over with a cup of tea as Annie staggers out. She leads Annie back to the bed.

OCTAVIA
Here, drink this.

ANNIE
(starts to drink tea)
...Mother, I saw him.

(CONTINUED)

85. CONTINUED:

85

Octavia thinks Annie's talking about Paul. She takes Annie's hand, gazes into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

OCTAVIA

Annie...death is a return, you
know. We leave life just as we
came in.

ANNIE

Alone?

OCTAVIA

Naked, blind and covered in our
own shit. But not me. I'm going
in my prom dress. God knows it
fits again.

It worked. Octavia has somehow gotten Annie to smile. She
caresses her daughter's cheek with her hand. The BUZZER RINGS.

OCTAVIA

I'll get it. You rest.

86 OMIT

86

OMIT

86 A INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - FOYER - DAY

86 A*

Octavia talks to a security guard over her video monitor. She can see Drew and Liz waiting in the downstairs lobby.

OCTAVIA

I don't care what they say. Just tell them she's ill. Tell them they should be in school for godsakes!

ANNIE (O.S.)

Who's there?

Octavia spins around. Annie's coming down the stairs toward her.

OCTAVIA

It's no one, Annie. Go back to bed.

But Annie ignores her mother and approaches the video screen. A look of concern crosses her face when she sees Drew and Liz.

ANNIE

(to guard)

Send them up.

OCTAVIA

Here?

HOLD ON Octavia's look of panic.

86 B INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

86 B*

Drew and Liz sit uncomfortably on the edge of the sofa. Annie returns with two lemonades and hands them to the kids. Octavia hangs back by the entryway.

ANNIE

Now tell me exactly what happened.

LIZ

All we know is, Matthew's gone.

DREW

He disappeared last night. Nobody knows where.

(CONTINUED)

86 B CONTINUED:

86 B

Annie glances nervously at Octavia.

DREW

The cops have been talking to everyone.

LIZ

They don't know anything yet...but what if...?

Liz can't bring herself to finish her thought. She looks at Drew and then they look at Annie with fear in their eyes. HOLD ON Annie's reaction...she wishes she could say something to soothe them...or herself.

87 INT./EXT. ANNIE'S CAR/MARIGNY DISTRICT - DAY

87

Annie drives through a maze of winding, crowded streets. VARIOUS ANGLES as Annie heads deeper and deeper into the Marigny. Annie turns down one of the grimmer streets, populated with decaying ROW HOUSES.

88 EXT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - DAY

88

Annie slows down and scans the addresses. Finally creeping to a stop in front of the house where a GROUP OF PEOPLE have gathered. She gets out of her car.

Annie approaches. EVERYONE turns and WHISPERS. She feels the weight of their stares but doesn't turn away.

ANNIE ARRIVES AT THE DOOR -- The group forms a barricade. Annie can't get past them.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Who you lookin' for?

ANNIE

I'm Matthew's teacher. I need to see his father.

Annie tries to squeeze by but they refuse to move.

ANGRY WOMAN

The Reverend's not seeing anyone.

ANNIE

Please, I want to help.

ANGRY WOMAN

Help? We've had way too much of that around here.. Just go back to your classroom, teacher.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

ANNIE
But you don't understand --

SUSPICIOUS MAN
Oh, we understand all right.

REVEREND ELLIS (O.S.)
Understand what?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

SCREEN DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Everyone turns.

Standing in the doorway: Reverend Ellis, dressed in black. His face is so haggard it seems to be sinking inward. He scrutinizes Annie with blood-shot eyes.

89 INT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - DAY

89

WE MOVE THROUGH the small house.

REVEREND ELLIS

I always worried about him being on the streets after dark. But he didn't want his daddy tagging along when he went to buy his paints. So like a fool I let him go alone...

ANNIE

What do the police say?

REVEREND ELLIS

They don't give a damn. Every week another kid disappears and the cops celebrate. Their thinking is just one less drug dealer or potential murderer to worry about. But they don't know my boy.

(beat)

Ever since those murders, over in the Esplanade...he'd been haunted by nightmares.

ANNIE

Did he ever talk about them?

REVEREND ELLIS

No. Must've been pretty bad though. He stopped sleeping in his room. Just sat up all night and painted. It was the only thing that calmed him.

ANNIE

Can I see them? The paintings?

90 INT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

90

Reverend Ellis leads Annie up the rickety stairs.

REVEREND ELLIS

Most kids are afraid of the dark.
But not Matthew. He loved having
a hideaway.

He flips on a low-wattage light. Annie looks around the dark
attic in amazement. The walls are cluttered with Matthew's
disturbing drawings. Nightmarish, haunting visions. She takes
them all in. But strangely there are none of the Candyman.

ANNIE

Are these all of them?

REVEREND ELLIS

I don't know. He never liked me
coming up here.

Annie notices a pile of boxes stacked deliberately in front of
the crawlspace closet.

ANNIE

What's in here?

REVEREND ELLIS

Junk, I guess. Go ahead.

They start moving the boxes. Annie tries the door but it's
wedged shut. She pulls and pulls. Reverend Ellis steps in and
gives her a hand. Together they pull and...The DOOR SPRINGS
OPEN. They REACT at what they see...

INSIDE THE CLOSET -- A mirror surrounded by drawings -- the
Candyman's chase, his capture and his brutal mutilation. A
small altar sits underneath the mirror. On top of it: jars
filled with dead bees and a sketchbook.

Matthew's father is shocked.

REVEREND ELLIS

Oh Lord...

Annie opens the sketchbook. The drawings are frighteningly
real. But Reverend Ellis can barely look at them.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

ANNIE
Did he ever mention the Candyman?

REVEREND ELLIS
Maybe once or twice. He'd heard
the stories, like all the kids.
But I didn't think he believed
them.

Annie is mesmerized by Matthew's sketches of the attack of
Daniel Robitaille in Cabrini Green.

REVEREND ELLIS
People around here, they're
desperate. There's no reason for
them to hope. But some do. In
spite of everything, they hope.

Annie turns the pages. Matthew's sketches become more graphic.

REVEREND ELLIS
Others, they get sucked into the
pit. They start worshipping at
the altar of evil. I've devoted
my life to showing people there's
a way out of that dark place.

Annie turns to the last sketch in the book: it's her OWN IMAGE.
She looks up at Reverend Ellis.

ANNIE
What if it's true? What if the
Candyman does exist?

REVEREND ELLIS
Then only God can save us.

HOLD ON Annie's look.

91 EXT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - DAY

91

Annie walks along sidewalk toward her car. Up ahead: FOUR
CHILDREN in MARDI GRAS costumes huddling around an unseen
object. They're giggling and poking at it with sticks. As
Annie draws nearer, the children part and she can see what
they're looking at:

A DEAD CAT, horribly BLOATED, eyes BULGING, tongue SWOLLEN,
lying in a muddy puddle.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

A LITTLE GIRL, dressed as a DOCTOR, looks up at Annie.

LITTLE GIRL DOCTOR
Bees got it.

A LITTLE BOY, dressed as a KING, points his scepter at his friends and proclaims:

LITTLE BOY KING
You will all be punished!!!

The little ones laugh and scamper down the sidewalk. The boy points his scepter at Annie.

LITTLE BOY KING
(whisper)
Even you.

And he runs off. Annie watches him, unnerved.

92 EXT. NEW ORLEANS PARISH POLICE STATION - DAY

92

KINGFISH (V.O.)
Today is the day, New Orleans.
Mardi Gras. Fat Tuesday. And I
am fat. My belly is a mountain of
love stuffed with oysters.

Annie gets out of her car, hurries up the steps.

KINGFISH (V.O.)
You all know what tomorrow is.
Ash Wednesday. So you better get
it done now. When the clock
strikes twelve, when the King of
Comus greets the King of Rex, it,
mon amis, is histoair. Ashes to
Ashes...

On the steps, a boy of 16 is passed out on his stomach in a drunken stupor. His shirt is gone. In magic marker someone has written these words across his back: I'm drunk and I'm stupid. Please let me sleep.

93 OMIT

93

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

OMIT

94 OMIT

95 OMIT

93

94

95

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

96 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

96

Annie and Ethan sit across from each other. The guard stands by the door.

ETHAN

...Oh God. No...

ANNIE

He killed Paul. Right in front of me. And now Matthew...

Ethan can't face Annie. He turns toward the 2-way mirror. The middle section has been boarded over from where he threw the ashtray. Annie grabs his arm.

ANNIE

I called his name, Ethan. In front of those kids.

ETHAN

Oh, Jesus...

ANNIE

Why didn't you tell me?

Ethan's afraid to answer. He glances around the room, notices surveillance cameras watching from every corner.

ANNIE

Goddammit Ethan, answer me!

Ethan looks at Annie with fear.

ETHAN

I wanted to protect you and Mom from all the madness. But it's not enough. It'll never be enough.

ANNIE

What did you see that night? What was Dad doing in there?

ETHAN

He believed, Annie.

Ethan turns toward cracked mirror and...

FLASH!

96 CONTINUED:

96

ETHAN

You weren't around so you didn't see how obsessed he became. All he talked about was calling the Candyman. It got so bad I was afraid to leave him alone. But he got away that night.

He turns back toward the mirror and...

FLASH!

97 OMIT

97

(CONTINUED)

97	CONTINUED:	97
	OMIT	
98	OMIT	98
98A	EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - NIGHT	98A*
	Ethan peers up at the darkened mansion.	*
	ETHAN (V.O.)	*
	I knew exactly where he'd be.	*
	He'd been going back to the house	*
	every night.	*
	Suddenly: A SCREAM! A look of panic on Ethan's face. He bolts	*
	toward the house.	*
	FLASH!	*
98B	INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SERVANTS HALLWAYS - NIGHT	98B*
	TRACKING FAST with Ethan. He winds through the twisting	*
	corridors.	*
	FLASH!	*
98C	INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SHRINE ROOM - NIGHT	98C*
	Ethan throws open the door. He's suddenly overcome with horror.	*
	ETHAN'S POV -- Coleman's mutilated, bloody body lies on the	*
	floor. But there's no one else in the room.	*
	FLASH!	*
98D	INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY	98D*
	Ethan looks at Annie. His face is filled with remorse.	*
	ETHAN	*
	I failed him, Annie. If only I'd	*
	gotten there sooner.	*
	ANNIE	*
	But why? Why did he call him?	*
	ETHAN	*
	He thought there was a way to	*
	destroy the Candyman. He said if	*
	he didn't, then we'd all die.	*

(CONTINUED)

98D CONTINUED:

98D

ANNIE
Who was it, Ethan?

ETHAN
He won't talk to you, Annie. I tried.

ANNIE
His name.

Annie glares at Ethan with fierce determination. He realizes she won't give up. Finally:

ETHAN
Thibideaux. He's in the Quarter.

Annie gets up.

ETHAN
Annie please don't go. It's too dangerous.

ANNIE
I've got to find out what Dad was looking for.

ETHAN
Wait till I get out.

ANNIE
There isn't time. Besides you'll be safer in here.
(looks up at Guard)
At least there's always someone watching.

HOLD ON Ethan's anguished expression.

99 OMIT

99

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

OMIT

100 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

100

Annie hurries to the elevator and jumps on just as the polished steel DOORS SLIDE closed.

101 INT. POLICE STATION - ELEVATOR - DAY

101

Annie is alone in the elevator, surrounded on three sides by MIRRORS. She fixes her eyes on the DOWN ARROW. It LIGHTS up. Annie presses the button for the lobby. A long moment... Annie suddenly realizes the elevator is going up not down. She looks up and sees the floor indicator light FLASH from "4" to "5" to "6".

102 INT. POLICE STATION - 6TH FLOOR COORIDOR - DAY

102

6th Floor Door slide open, revealing...NOTHING. Annie peers out. No one's there. The elevator sits for a beat. Annie presses CLOSE DOOR button.

103 INT. POLICE STATION -- ELEVATOR - DAY

103

The doors close. The elevator begins to go down. Suddenly, Annie hears a BUZZING around her head. She swats at the insect. The BUZZING stops.

Annie looks up at the ceiling. Her eyes grow wide.

ANNIE'S POV - CEILING - A honeycomb design of fluorescent lights and mirrors. She sees the reflection of a bee...then another... and another...all creeping out from the cracks...WE PULL BACK until there are dozens of bees...then hundreds...forming a dark cloud. Suddenly they start toward Annie.

Annie begins to panic as the bees swarm around her. She stumbles into the corner and tries batting them away but they keep coming at her from every direction. Annie reaches out and pushes the "STOP" button but the elevator keeps going down.

104 INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - DAY

104

A WOMAN eats chips while impatiently waiting for the elevator. She looks up just as BING, the elevator arrives. The doors begin to open.

Annie CHARGES out of the elevator and bumps into the woman.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

FEMALE CLERK

Well, pardon me...

Annie doesn't apologize, she just takes off. The Clerk shakes her head then enters the elevator. The bees have all disappeared.

105 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

105

Annie passes through the MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION. Around her, Carnival is reaching its more mythic proportions. The "End of the Worlders" have begun to make their appearances. Men and Women in robes, dragging seven foot crosses and carrying signs that read "REPENT OR BE DOOMED", "CHRIST IS COMING", "HELL IS AT HAND."

106 EXT. - FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

106

Annie turns off the main road and heads down a street lined with rundown wood and brick storefronts, some closed up for the night, others permanently shuttered. She stops mid-block, across from a hole in the wall called DADDY T'S SUGAR SHACK.

ANGLE - UP THE BLOCK

An unmarked police car cruises to a stop. Ray and a YOUNG COP are inside. They watch Annie as she crosses street toward...

107 INT./EXT. DADDY T'S SUGAR SHACK - SNOWBALL WINDOW - NIGHT

107*

Lively MUSIC plays. THIBIDEAUX, a wiry middle-aged man with a drawn face and snake eyes, hands a snowball to CLARA, a 40-something shameless flirt dressed as Cleopatra. Some of the coloring drips down Thibideaux's hand. Clara eagerly licks it up. They laugh just as Annie approaches. Thibideaux turns toward Annie, looks her over and smiles.

THIBIDEAUX

Looking for something sweet?

Annie looks around, catches her reflection in the mirror behind the counter. Is this the place?

ANNIE

Snowball, please.

CLARA

(eyes her)

Cherry?

Clara snickers. Thibideaux shoots her a look. She makes a face. She doesn't like the way he's looking at Annie.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

ANNIE
(politely)
Cherry's fine.

Thibideaux scoops out ices then squirts juice all over the cone until it's blood red. He hands it to Annie and smiles.

THIBIDEAUX
Sweets for the sweet.

ANNIE
(phrase rings a bell)
...Thank you.

Annie stands there, wondering. Clara, meanwhile, is annoyed.

THIBIDEAUX
Something else, honey?

ANNIE
I'm sure I have the wrong place
but...do you know a man named
Thibideaux?

Thibideaux's face tightens slightly. Clara looks at him. Annie picks up the tension. But Thibideaux quickly hides behind a polite smile.

THIBIDEAUX
...Can't say that I do. Enjoy
your cone.

Thibideaux moves away from Annie, starts wiping up the counter.

ANNIE
Please. I've got to find him.
It's about my father.

CLARA
Well maybe you should talk to your
daddy instead?

Clara and Thibideaux laugh. Annie stares at them.

ANNIE
He's dead. He was murdered.
(stares at Thibideaux)
Coleman Tarrant.

Silence. Thibideaux stares impassively. Doesn't give anything away. Clara looks at Thibideaux, wondering.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

THIBIDEAUX
Clara, why don't you go ahead to
the party.

Clara is surprised. She glares at him, pissed. A beat. He
shoots a look at her. She gets the message, grabs her things.

CLARA
Just remember Antoine, I mean to
collect on that drink you
promised.

Clara glares at Annie then strides off in her shimmering
costume.

Annie looks at Thibideaux with expectation. He nods her inside.

THIBIDEAUX

C'mon.

108 INT./EXT. RAY'S CAR - NEAR SUGAR DADDY'S - DUSK

108

Ray in mid-story.

RAY

...He looks at me, real serious
and says, "Detective, it's like
bacon and eggs. The chicken is
involved but the pig is committed.
Now, are you a chicken or a pig?"

Ray laughs but the young cop just sighs.

109 INT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

109

Thibideaux finishes closing up. He and Annie are wedged tightly
in the small, dark space. He gives Annie a look and starts for
her. She tenses slightly...not sure what he's doing. He
reaches past her, opens the door of a cabinet, presses against
the back panel and...it pops open, revealing a hidden room.

110 EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

110

Ray gets out of the car. The young cop is about to follow.

RAY

You stay here. I'm gonna take a
look.

Ray crosses the street toward Sugar Daddy's.

111 INT. THIBIDEAUX'S STOREROOM - NIGHT

111

Annie follows Thibideaux into the dark, tin shack.

ANNIE

Why did he come here?

THIBIDEAUX

You might say I have a knack for finding things.

Thibideaux turns on a light. The shack is crammed with dozens of medieval relics and artifacts, unusual objects of torture and the occult. Some are covered over. Thibideaux stands in front of a large ARMOIRE with mirrored doors.

THIBIDEAUX

Your father understood the difference between age and history. Some pieces are merely old. Some...have history. And because history is alive, it isn't always pretty. It eats and, excuse me for saying, shits. Indeed, most of the objects your father was looking for held history within them.

He suddenly pulls a sheet off a painting. Reveals Caroline Sullivan's portrait. The painting from Annie's dream. Annie stares in amazement and...

ZAP!

111A INT. DANIEL ROBITAILLE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

111A

The young painter, Daniel Robitaille, dabs at the canvas with a brush. Behind him we see CAROLINE SULLIVAN sitting for her portrait. She holds a small mirror in her hand.

ZAP!

The door to the studio SMASHES OPEN. Robitaille's head snaps around.

111B INT. THIBIDEAUX'S STOREROOM - NIGHT

111B

Annie recovers from her vision.

THIBIDEAUX

Your father found out that Candyman was born in New Orleans. His name was Daniel Robitaille.

(CONTINUED)

111B CONTINUED:

111B

ANNIE

And she was his lover.

THIBIDEAUX

(nods)

Caroline Sullivan. Your father
was almost as obsessed with her as
he was with the Candyman.

ANNIE

Why?

THIBIDEAUX

There was one thing of hers that
he desperately wanted...

(CONTINUED)

111B CONTINUED:

111B

ANNIE

What?

THIBIDEAUX

...Caroline's mirror.

He points to the mirror in the portrait, the one showing Candyman's reflection. Annie stares at it.

THIBIDEAUX

Those who witnessed the horror said Robitaille's suffering was so agonizing, so unbearable, that at the moment of his death, his soul transcended the physical world and was trapped in Caroline's mirror.

ANNIE

So my father thought he could stop him with it...

THIBIDEAUX

(smiles)

Break the mirror and you break the curse.

112 EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

112

Ray stalks around the outside of the store. The walls are made of corrugated tin. He tries to listen, doesn't hear anything.

113 INT. THIBIDEAUX'S STOREROOM - NIGHT

113

Annie presses Thibideaux for more information.

ANNIE

Where is the mirror now?

THIBIDEAUX

With Caroline. She found it beside Robitaille's body and then disappeared with it.

Annie looks at her reflection in the armoire mirror. SOUNDS fill her head. She becomes a little woozy...

THIBIDEAUX

There were rumors, of course.
Suicide...

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

FLASH! Annie's eyes glaze. VOICES fill her head. SHOUTING and LAUGHTER. She continues staring in the mirror...

Thibideaux suddenly hears a BUZZING. A BEE lands on his shirt. He flicks it off.

THIBIDEAUX

But your father didn't believe that. He was convinced...

Thibideaux hears the THRUM OF BEES. He turns and sees a dozen or more bees crawling over one of his veiled statues. He reaches over and lifts the veil revealing...

A THROBBING MASS OF BEES. At the same time the statue's HEAD MOVES suddenly. It's CANDYMAN. He opens his eyes...

Thibideaux staggers back. Knocks a statue off a table. It hits the floor, SHATTERING. Thibideaux tries to scream but...

Candyman opens his jacket and WHOOSH! Like a geyser, the BEES spew forth from the him, attacking Thibideaux over the entirety of his body. Thibideaux opens his mouth to scream but bees quickly fill the cavity. He crashes against a table, knocking everything to the floor.

Annie trembles as she witnesses the horror, too weak to do anything.

ANNIE

No...

114 EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

114

Ray responds to the racket. He kicks open the door and rushes into the empty front area. The cabinet is now closed. He throws it open but sees only shelves stocked with snow cone juice. He looks around for another way inside. He starts banging on the wall.

RAY

Open the fuck up! It's the police.

115 INT. THIBIDEAUX'S STOREROOM - NIGHT

115

Thibideaux careens around the room, desperately trying to get the bees off his body. Candyman reaches out for Annie.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

ANNIE

What...do you want with me?

CANDYMAN

There is a life that grows inside
you now. A daughter...

He reaches out for Annie's belly. She staggers away from his touch in fear.

ANNIE

No.

CANDYMAN

You can't change who you are,
Annie. You're mine.

ANNIE

No...please...

She backs away and suddenly Candyman sees Caroline's portrait. His expression becomes tortured, filled with anguish. He reaches up to the unfinished section of the painting, almost as if he's trying to finish it...until he remembers that he can't. His eyes grow wild with rage as he stares down at his hook. SLASH! he rips the portrait to shreds.

116 EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

116

MOVING toward the rear. Ray hears loud noises coming from inside. He quickly pulls out his gun.

117 INT. THIBIDEAUX'S STOREROOM - NIGHT

117

Now covered in a blanket of angry bees, Thibideaux races directly toward Candyman. Annie is still unable to move.

WHOOSH! Candyman brings his HOOK down, SLASHING through the air toward THIBIDEAUX'S NECK. BLOOD SPRAYS against the tin walls... splattering like rain.

WHOOSH! Like a rag doll, Thibideaux is catapulted through the air...

118 EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

118

Thibideaux's head rips through the tin facade only inches from Ray who JUMPS and drops his gun in horror. The young cop races over. Ray grabs hold of the corrugated tin, pulls it off the wall.

Thibideaux's body smashes against the pavement as Ray and the young cop look into:

119 INT. THIBIDEAUX'S STOREROOM - NIGHT

119

FROM RAY'S POV: Annie has escaped through the secret cabinet
passageway door which is now swinging open.

119A EXT. SUGAR DADDY'S - NIGHT

119A*

Ray kicks the tin facade.

RAY

Fuck!

*

*

120 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - NIGHT

Annie finds herself in the middle of a torchlight parade. She darts in and out of the FLAMBEAUS, hooded marchers whose open flames sizzle in the wet Delta air.

In a darkened corner: WHOOSH! A black clad FIGURE SWOOPS down from the sky, lands and approaches the flambeaus.

Annie suddenly sees CANDYMAN in the middle of the crowd, not more than 20 feet ahead...

She elbows her way into the pulsing throng. She pushes through the masked figures but the press of the crowd COMPELS HER TOWARD THE APPROACHING CANDYMAN.

HE SEES HER, struggling to get away. He moves closer... No one notices him. In this crowd, he is invisible, just another celebrant.

Annie runs, grabs the shoulder of a COP as Candyman approaches.

ANNIE

Help, please.

The cop turns. But he's not a cop -- just a reveler in a costume. Face painted, an enormous phallus for a nightstick. He smiles. Still, Candyman is nearing Annie...

There's a break in the crowd. Annie bolts and races off down a side street.

121 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - SEEDY BOULEVARD - NIGHT

121

Several bars and topless clubs. CROWDS start to thin out. SOUNDS of MARDI GRAS recede into the distance.

Annie slows her pace. She's almost out of breath. Then up ahead she sees...

122 EXT. FLEABAG HOTEL - NIGHT

122

Rooms by the hour. Neon vacancy sign flashes. Annie enters.

123 INT. FLEABAG HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

123

Annie enters, quickly locks the door. Doesn't turn on the lights.

124 INT. FLEABAG HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

124

Annie tears off her clothes. Turns on the shower.

HOT WATER SPRAYS

Annie stands under the water and cleanses herself. She shuts her eyes and starts to weep softly.

She holds herself for comfort. Gradually her hands drift down to her stomach...she feels for the life growing inside and lets out a mournful sob.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

ANNIE

Oh, Paul...

Annie's eyelids start to flutter. She leans back against the cool tile and...

125 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - DUSK

125

FLASH!

A darkening sky... Then, SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING...VOICES... CHANTING...and SHOUTING...

WE LOOK AROUND: A CROWD forms a large circle holding torches. They're LAUGHING, JEERING, pointing at SOMEONE on the ground.

All except one: A young woman -- CAROLINE SULLIVAN. She's the woman from the portrait. She is weeping. Begging to be let go by the two THUGS who hold her in place.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN approaches the crowd. He's carrying something in his hand. A MIRROR. CAROLINE'S MIRROR. The one from the portrait. He comes closer...then turns the mirror and...

A MAN SCREAMS!!!!

FLASH!

126 INT. FLEABAG HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

126

Annie RIPS the shower curtain open. She's panicked, unnerved by her vision. She gets out of shower, wipes the foggy mirror so that she can see her reflection.

ANNIE

Who am I?

CUT TO

127 INT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

127

A HAND opens a drawer, takes out a leatherbound BIBLE.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

The world is turning, mon amis,
turning fast toward tomorrow. And
the heavens are ready to burst. I
am not the man I used to be...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

Reverend Ellis lovingly places the Bible on top of dresser. Then slips his necktie on, looking in mirror as he carefully knots it.

KINGFISH (V.O.)
I've got hooves on my shoes and
horns on my head.

Reverend Ellis takes out his jacket from the closet, puts it on. He picks up his Bible and exits.

128 EXT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

128

UNKNOWN POV approaches Matthew's House. Suddenly stopping as...

A GROUP OF KIDS FROM ANNIE'S CLASS -- including Drew and Liz, race down street toward a house party. They're all decked out in Mardi Gras masks and costumes, laughing and having a good time.

UNKNOWN POV quickly retreats into shadows...but still watches...

KINGFISH (V.O.)
I want life on a platter. Medium
rare, and you can keep the
silverware. Because tonight, mon
amis, I'm eating with my hands.

The front door opens. Reverend Ellis comes out, heads in direction of party and kids.

ANGLE - DREW, LIZ, etc.

They all quiet down as Reverend Ellis passes by with his Bible...

129 EXT. MARIGNY DISTRICT - NIGHT

129

VARIOUS ANGLES as Reverend Ellis walks along quiet, residential streets. UNKNOWN POV follows him.

130 EXT. OLD CHURCH - NIGHT

130

Ancient, soot blackened. Reverend Ellis opens a gate and walks down the darkened side of the church. He stops, hears something. Sees a FIGURE lurking in the shadows.

REVEREND ELLIS
Who's there?

Out of the darkness...Annie appears. The Reverend is surprised.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

ANNIE
Robitaille was born right
here...in New Orleans.

REVEREND ELLIS
I know.

HOLD ON the Reverend's face.

131 OMIT

131

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

OMIT

132 INT. OLD CHURCH - FILEROOM - NIGHT

132

Reverend Ellis turns on a light and leads Annie into the musty, cobwebbed office. Ancient file cabinets line the walls.

REVEREND ELLIS

All slave births were registered here.

(points to one cabinet)

Daniel Robitaille...

Annie quickly pulls open the drawer and starts flipping through page after page of faded baptismal records from more than a century ago. She gets to the "R's" but can't find it. She flips back and forth, until...she finds Robitaille's certificate stuck to the back of another one. She pulls it out. It's from 1865. She reads it. Her eyes widen... *

ANNIE

Oh my God...

The Reverend comes closer, looks at the paper then looks at Annie.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

ANNIE

He was born at Esplanade
Plantation. That's my family's
house. That's where I was born.

(shocked; lets it sink in)
The cradle is the grave is the
cradle.

*
*
*

Annie looks at the Reverend with a growing realization...

133 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

133

Ethan is seated at table, head in hands. He's distraught. Ray
tosses a stack of photos at him. They're all alone.

RAY

Take a look. Take a good look.

Ethan turns away. Ray circles around him.

RAY

I said look at it!

Ray grabs Ethan's head and forces him to look at the photos
taken of Thibideaux's slashed body.

ETHAN

Oh, Jesus...

RAY

Pretty, isn't it? Some more of
your sister's handiwork.

ETHAN

No... Annie didn't do that.

RAY

C'mon Tarrant, cut the bullshit.
I'm onto your sick games.

ETHAN

What?

RAY

You've been covering for her all
along, haven't you?

ETHAN

No. You don't know. It was him.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

RAY
(laughs)
Who? Your friend the Candyman?

Ethan jumps out of the chair.

ETHAN
Don't...

Ray grabs Ethan and forces him to look in the mirror.

RAY
You afraid, Tarrant?

ETHAN
(struggles)
Let me go.

RAY
Should we call him?

ETHAN
You're crazy.

RAY
Candyman...Candyman...

Ethan tries fighting him but Ray is too strong.

RAY
...Candyman...

ETHAN
Please -- stop it...

RAY
...Candyman...

ETHAN
(unhinged)
No!!!!

RAY
Candyman.

Ray laughs at his little joke...laughing...laughing...until
suddenly...HE GASPS IN PAIN.

RAY
(surprised)
Arrgghh...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

Ethan's eyes grow wide with terror. He CRIES OUT! Tries to break away.

ETHAN

No!

Ray can't believe his eyes. THE CANDYMAN IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM. RRRIP! RRRRRRRIP! The Candyman goes to work with his hook.

Ray tries to scream but only blood dribbles out of his mouth.

Ethan finally breaks free from Ray's arms.

ETHAN

God, no...

Ethan staggers back...he's covered in blood. He reaches the door, tries to open it but it's locked!

ETHAN

No...No!!!

Ethan watches as Candyman lifts Ray and sends him flying through the plate glass window.

133A INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

133A*

A CLERICAL WORKER reacts in shock as Ray's body crashes onto her desk.

134 INT. POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE OF INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

134

A GUARD snaps into action. He draws his gun...hurries toward the Interrogation Room.

He quickly unlocks the door...sees the broken window...blood everywhere.

Suddenly, Ethan SCREAMS. BARRELS INTO THE GUARD. The Guard is surprised and thrown back against the wall.

Ethan takes off down the stairs.

The Guard recovers, aims his gun.

GUARD

Stop!

Ethan can't stop. He's too scared.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

ETHAN
No, I've got to help her!

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

GUARD
(cocks gun)
I said stop!

Ethan continues running and...BLAST! The Guard fires the gun. Ethan is hit...starts to tumble down the stairs.

ANOTHER GUARD appears from the bottom floor bull pen. He sees Ethan coming toward him and immediately fires. BLAST! Another shot. This one right in the middle of Ethan's forehead.

This time Ethan goes down.

135 EXT. CHURCH CEMETARY - NIGHT

135

Thunder RUMBLES as a storm moves closer. Reverend Ellis leads Annie across the church yard to a gate on the edge of a CEMETARY. He opens the gate for Annie. She starts to enter but he hangs back.

REVEREND ELLIS
I thought denying him would
protect us. But I was wrong.
(beat)
Maybe you can stop him.

*
*
*
*

Annie nods; she understands. The Reverend turns and walks back to the church.

136 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - TOMB - NIGHT

136

A deserted graveyard of forgotten souls. Annie weaves through winding, muddied paths which deliberately seem to lead her in circles. The darkness makes it difficult to see anything.

Unafraid, Annie presses deeper and deeper into the overgrown, shadowy maze of half-toppled stone crypts and marble mausoleums, searching...

Annie pads down a narrow path lined with statuary. Each one seems to beckon her, hands outstretched. She stops at an ivy-covered crypt. Clears away the dense overgrowth, finds the name:

DANIEL ROBITAILLE
My Beloved...
May you suffer no more

Annie starts scraping away the mud and debris from the other headstone...little by little, until she can see the name... CAROLINE...

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

CAROLINE SULLIVAN
 Beloved Mother
May she find everlasting peace

Annie touches Caroline's headstone when suddenly a FIGURE looms behind her. Annie turns and GASPS. An OLD BLACK WOMAN with a sweet face steps into the light.

SWEET OLD WOMAN
 The dead get lonely at night.

Annie moves away from the woman who continues to stare at her.

137 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

137

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photo after photo of Ray's bloodied body.

From the doorway, Carver watches as several DETECTIVES and the CORONER scour the room for the murder weapon.

Finally, one of the Detectives turns back to Carver and shakes his head.

138 INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

138

Carver sits by herself in front of a TV monitor watching a black and white videotape of Ray's murder. She seems disturbed.

139 INT. POLICE STN - INTERROGATION ROOM - *ON MONITOR* - NIGHT

139

ANGLE - SCREEN -- Ray taunts Ethan, then holds him, forcing him to look in the two-way mirror while he calls Candyman. Ethan freaks out. Ray starts SCREAMING as his insides are ripped to shreds. But the CANDYMAN IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT. It looks like some mysterious force has murdered Ray.

140 INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

140

Carver leans in closer. She stops the tape and goes through it frame by frame...replaying the murder. Her eyes grow wide with astonishment. Ethan didn't murder Ray...but something else did.

141 EXT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

141

Police cars clog the circular driveway of Octavia's building.

VARIOUS ANGLES: A COP patrols the front entrance. ANOTHER COP guards the elevators. SECURITY GUARDS man the lobby. And still MORE COPS are stationed at the side doors.

ANGLE - VALET DESK -- TWO OVERWORKED VALETS tend to the row of cars waiting to be parked.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

WE MOVE along cars, stopping at the last one where a FRUSTRATED DRIVER taps on the steering wheel, listening to the RADIO. The rear door of the car opens slowly. Annie slides inside.

*
*
*

One overworked valet jumps into the car and drives off.

*

141A INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - GARAGE - NIGHT

141A*

The overworked valet parks the car, gets out and races off. A beat. Annie pokes her head up from the back seat, looks around. She opens the door then takes off.

142	OMIT	142
143	OMIT	143
144	OMIT	144
145	OMIT	145
145A	INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT	145A*
	Annie quietly steals inside through the service door.	*
146	INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LIVING AREA - NIGHT	146*
	Annie tiptoes out from the kitchen and up the main staircase.	*
	WE MOVE across toward living room where Octavia stands at her mirrored bar, preparing herself a drink, unaware of Annie's presence. She's already had a few.	*
		*
		*
		*
146A	INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - OCTAVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT	146A*
	CLOSE ON Octavia's vanity drawer as Annie unlocks it and takes out a stack of Octavia's private photos. She fingers through them. Finds a TINTYPE circa 1890's. Caroline Sullivan stands with her little girl in front of Esplanade Manor.	*
		*
		*
		*

(CONTINUED)

146A CONTINUED:

146A

147 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

147*

Octavia's hand shakes as she brings the tumbler to her lips. Suddenly she catches a REFLECTION in the mirror. She GASPS and drops the glass. It SHATTERS.

She spins around and sees Annie.

ANNIE

You've lied to us from the beginning.

Octavia backs away.

ANNIE

I've been to the cemetery. I've seen the birth certificate.

OCTAVIA

No...it's not true.

ANNIE

It's all true.

Annie shoves Caroline's photo in Octavia's face.

ANNIE

Caroline bought the house because it was where he was born.

OCTAVIA

No...no...

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

ANNIE
She raised their daughter in that
house. Your grandmother.

Octavia continues to back away through main foyer.

ANNIE
She was raised as a white girl.
No one ever suspected the truth.

Annie advances on her mother.

ANNIE
But Daddy did. He started
digging.

OCTAVIA
Your father...

ANNIE
...was looking for a way to stop
him. But you just kept on lying.

OCTAVIA
I did it to protect you. Wait
until you have kids of your own.
You'll understand.

ANNIE
No. I'll never lie to them.

OCTAVIA
Your father was trying to destroy
everything we had. Linking our
name with that monster...

ANNIE
So you destroyed it instead. By
denying the truth. By denying
him.

OCTAVIA
No. He isn't part of me.

ANNIE
We're his family.

OCTAVIA
How dare you say that in my house.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

ANNIE
We're his blood.

OCTAVIA
No! No!

ANNIE
You can't wash him away with a
bottle. He hasn't forgotten.

Annie finally backs Octavia into a shadowy corner of the dining room.

OCTAVIA
There is no Candyman! He doesn't
exist!

CLOSE UP OCTAVIA'S FACE -- Eyes filled with hate. Then suddenly she GASPS. Her eyes quickly fill with surprise and horror as she sees...

OCTAVIA'S POV -- A BLACK MAN'S HAND is wrapped tightly around her waist. She slowly turns her head and sees Candyman standing right behind her. His mouth is pressed closely to her ear.

CANDYMAN
My child...you doubted me...your
own flesh and blood.

Horrified, Annie REACTS with alarm, moves toward Octavia.

ANNIE
Mother...

But Octavia has suddenly disappeared from the darkened corner.

CANDYMAN (O.S.)
Death is a return, you know.

Annie whirls around. Sees Octavia back on the other side of the living room. Candyman's hook is wrapped around her. Annie reacts and starts for Octavia.

OCTAVIA
Annie...

Octavia reaches out then stumbles against the wall. She looks down -- a circle of blood spreads across the front of her dress.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

CANDYMAN

Annie...It's almost time...time
for our journey.

ANNIE

No...no.

CANDYMAN

Soon we'll be together. Just the
way I've planned. You can't fight
what is meant to be.

Octavia leans against the wall. Near the silent alarm button.
Her fingers feel around for it. Find it. She presses it.

Candyman watches with satisfaction.

CANDYMAN

You can't resist what is in your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

CANDYMAN (cont'd)
 blood. Our blood. Your baby's
 blood...

ANNIE

No...

Octavia looks at Annie. So much sadness, regret. Life slipping away. And with her last breath, she reaches out to Annie then crumples to the floor in a bloody heap.

Annie lunges at him.

ANNIE

NO!!!

But Candyman vanishes. Annie looks around in a panic. Suddenly, she hears BANGING and SHOUTING outside the apartment front door. The Police are trying to break in.

148 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

148

Annie tears past the front door, which is buckling under the police assault.

149 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

149

Annie unbolts the service door and disappears just as the police swarm into the apartment...

150 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

150

Annie flies down the stairs, winding down floor after floor.

150A INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - LOBBY - NIGHT

150A

Alarms continues to WAIL. Carver rushes over to the security desk:

INSERT - VIDEO MONITORS - VARIOUS ANGLES: Hallways, elevators and service stairs. Annie is racing down the service stairs to the basement.

Carver sees her and takes off.

151 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - BASEMENT & TWISTED CORRIDORS - NIGHT

151

Annie bursts through a door and immediately gets lost in the dark labyrinth of twisting corridors. The rhythmic HUM of water heaters and power generators echo throughout.

Annie hurries past an endless tangle of pipes and ducts. But each turn only seems to lead her to another dead end.

152 INT. OCTAVIA'S CONDO - UTILITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

152

Crowded with overflowing trash cans and dumpsters. Garbage everywhere. Annie sees an EXIT. Freedom. She rushes toward it just as...

LT. CARVER OPENS THE EXIT DOOR

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

Annie stops in her tracks. Carver blocks the exit.

CARVER

Annie, I'm not going to hurt you.

But Annie backs away, suspiciously.

CARVER

Ethan's dead. I'm sorry.

Annie looks at Carver in disbelief.

ANNIE

Oh, God. How?

CARVER

He was shot trying to escape.

Annie shuts her eyes.

CARVER

Detective Levesque's body was found...butchered. The guards assumed...

Annie fights back tears. Carver moves closer. The air conditioning vents RUMBLE.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

CARVER

I watched the videotape of what
happened in that room. Ray's body
was ripped to shreds by something
powerful. But it wasn't your
brother.

Annie gazes deep into Carver's eyes. She realizes that Carver
truly believes.

CARVER

You better hurry before they get
here.

She steps away from the doors. They share a look. Then Annie
takes off.

153 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

153

THUNDER CRACKS and ROARS. LIGHTNING fills the black sky. The
storm has finally arrived. Rain begins to fall on the
celebrants, who open their mouths to taste the dirty water.

Looking down from above: the whole city in the throes of the
final hour of Mardi Gras.

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*
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*
*

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

Looking down from above: the whole city in the throes of the final hour of Mardi Gras.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

Desperate and driven, Annie ducks and dodges the REVELERS. Around her: Goblins, demons, men dressed as women, nudity, sex, drunkenness, devils, angels, gods and freaks.

Annie hurries as fast as she can, but the teeming hordes seem to swallow her up. She is smashed against a LARGE, HEAVILY DECORATED PLEXIGLASS BOOTH. A banner on top of it reads:

:96.2:
:THE KINGFISH:

We finally see the KINGFISH, a Dionysian figure ranting into his microphone, a huge drink in his hand.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

Twenty nine minutes left New Orleans. Twenty nine minutes before the judgment. The heavens are so full there's no holding them back. As full as my belly. And I don't think I can hold it, you just touch me in the right place and I AM GOING TO EXPLODE!!!

Annie turns a corner, more clearance on this street, she picks up her pace and breaks into a run.

154 EXT. ESPLANADE AVENUE - NIGHT

154

The neighborhood is seedier. Streets are muddier. The CROWDS thin out. Annie continues on, faster, faster. The rain picks up.

155 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - NIGHT

155

Shrouded in darkness. Beckoning. Shadows, liquid, rippling, seem to move with a life of their own. Annie arrives just as the storm releases its torrent. She tears up the long driveway toward the abandoned mansion, guardian of so many secrets.

156 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

156

Annie ascends the main staircase. Feet steady. She climbs up. Thunder reverberates through the house.

157 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

157

She pads down the long, dark corridor. LIGHTNING FLASHES, casts a ghostly pall over the desolate, empty rooms. Annie reaches the servant doorway at end, pushes through into...

158 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SERVANT'S HALLWAYS - NIGHT

158

Annie follows them with determination until she finally reaches the door to Candyman's shrine. SHADOWS FLICKER from underneath the doorway. Annie throws open the door, enters...

159 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - SHRINE ROOM - NIGHT

159

The room GLOWS with CANDLELIGHT. Mirrors catch the GLINT of flickering lights.

ANNIE

Where is it?

She spins around, catches her reflection in the many mirrors.

ANNIE

Which one is it?

She looks at each mirror, searching for the one that belonged to Caroline.

ANNIE

Which one!

She can't find it. It's not among the collection.

ANNIE

Goddamn you!

Annie sweeps her arm violently across the altar. Mirrors CRASH to the floor. SHATTERING into pieces. Jars of dead bees smash open.

She thrashes about in a rage, destroying every mirror in the room. A symphony of SHATTERING GLASS.

Annie staggers to the window for air. She gazes down at the overgrown grounds. Suddenly her eyes fix on the back of the property...

160 EXT. SLAVE SHACK - NIGHT

160

ANNIE'S POV -- Underneath the decades of overgrowth and clinging vines...The TOP OF THE OLD SLAVE SHACK...

161 INT. ESPLANADE MANOR - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

161

Annie rushing down the stairs...

...STRAIGHT INTO SOMEONE'S ARMS!

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Annie barely has time to react. She's spun around. She tries to SCREAM but a hand clamps down over her mouth. She's dragged, struggling and kicking, into a corner...

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Shhh.

Annie breaks free, spins around, just as a BOLT OF LIGHTNING illuminates her attacker's face. It's Matthew.

ANNIE

I thought... Oh God, I thought...

MATTHEW

I knew when you called him he'd come. Like before.

ANNIE

You've been hiding here.

MATTHEW

He was in my dreams, Annie.

ANNIE

I know.

MATTHEW

I had to see...I had to find out what they did to him.

ANNIE

You've got to help me find the mirror, Matthew.

MATTHEW

It's not in here.

HOLD ON Matthew's look.

162 EXT. ESPLANADE MANOR - NIGHT

162

The heavens have opened their flood gates. Thunder... lightning...violent winds...

Matthew and Annie fight their way through a dense, muddy jungle of twisting vines. The towering magnolias and oaks tremble as the gusting winds tear off their branches like brittle matchsticks. Finally they reach:

163 EXT. SLAVE SHACK - NIGHT

163

The pitched roof juts through a muddy mound like the bow of a sinking ship. Vines and foliage shroud the building...the roots of a giant oak tree growing right through the facade.

Matthew digs through the mucky overgrowth. Finds a loose board. Together, he and Annie pry it open. Revealing a window leading into the top floor.

Annie kicks in the window. Glass SHATTERS. Matthew helps Annie squirm through the jagged hole. She drops inside...

164 INT. THE SLAVE SHACK - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

164

Blackness... The SOUND of the pounding rain is almost deafening. Matthew drops down, finds Annie. From their POV -- The entire shack has been tilted by the shifting soil; the floor is warped and slopes down sharply. The ceiling sags from the weight of the storm. It's an empty, decrepit shell of rotting wood that has been eaten away by termites and time.

ANNIE

It must be down there.

Annie motions toward a STAIRCASE which leads to the lower floor. She clutches the wall as she starts toward the stairs, treading softly. Matthew inches along nervously behind her.

165 INT. SLAVE SHACK - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

165

Annie peers down the WINDING STAIRS which snake into a well of darkness. She starts to CREEP DOWN THE ROTTED STAIRS... slowly...carefully...testing each step, making sure it can hold her weight. CREAK...CRACK...the wood is old, weak.

Matthew follows Annie's lead, moves quietly...not wishing to disturb anything or anyone...

The STAIRCASE SUDDENLY LURCHES from too much weight.

Matthew almost loses his footing, quickly recovers. Annie slips, starts to fall. She grabs the stairs tightly and steadies herself.

ANNIE

You okay?

Matthew nods but the STAIRCASE CONTINUES SWAYING...

Annie holds her breath, waits for the staircase to settle. She looks up at Matthew just as...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

SNAP! CRACK! The STAIRS splinter RIGHT UNDER HER FEET!

Annie CRIES OUT, flailing as she tries to break her fall. The staircase collapses and Annie plummets into the darkness below.

Matthew reaches through the gaping hole for Annie.

MATTHEW
Annie...Annie!

But Matthew can't see her now.

166 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

166

Momentarily stunned, Annie finally comes to in a pool of mud. She's bruised but not seriously hurt. She looks up where the staircase once was. Now there's only a gap, several feet beyond her reach.

ANNIE
Matthew...go back.

167 INT. SLAVE SHACK - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

167

Matthew carefully climbs back up the stairs toward the exit.

168 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

168

Annie gets up slowly, scans the room. The walls are bowed, pressed precariously inward by the encroaching earth. Mud OOZES and SEEPS through every crack.

Annie pads around the perimeter of the room. SNAP! CRACK! She spins around...realizes it's only the wall boards cracking from the shifting soil.

Her eyes search everywhere until she sees a GLINT of something. She moves closer. Begins to see...

HER OWN REFLECTION

Staring back at her, surrounded by a strange AURA of INTENSE LIGHT. There it is. Imbedded in a honeycomb, covered by years of accumulated wax and honey...

THE ANTIQUE MIRROR - CAROLINE'S MIRROR

It SHIMMERS and GLOWS, even in the darkness. It has a strange quality, almost a life of its own.

Annie works quickly, desperately trying to free the mirror. But it's almost glued to the hive. She struggles with it some more, as...

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

WHOOSH! A DECAYED ARM DROPS IN FRONT OF HER FACE!

Annie CRIES OUT in shock. Staggers back, reeling from the discovery of a body. She gazes up, following the arm. It's crawling with bees, which buzz angrily. Her eyes widen in shock as she sees...

ANNIE

Oh my God...

A CORPSE ROOTED IN THE HIVE -- One of Candyman's victims. Its flesh eaten away by the ravenous bees. Suddenly, the SOUND OF BEES GROWS LOUDER...building toward a FRENZIED PITCH...

Annie spins around toward Caroline's mirror and...

FLASH! CANDYMAN IS STANDING THERE...SMILING...

CANDYMAN

I knew you'd come, Annie. I knew you'd come to me.

She becomes dizzy, unsteady as she sees their reflections together in the mirror...her strength starting to wane.

CANDYMAN

I've been waiting so long to come home. To be with my family.

Annie tries to back away but his presence is powerful, overwhelming. She can barely move.

CANDYMAN

I did not make myself this way. It is who I have become. You must see what they did.

He raises his hook as evidence and brings it up to Annie's pale throat. The HOOK is CRUSTED with LIVING BEES.

ANNIE

No...no...

CANDYMAN

You're all I have, Annie. They robbed me of everything. My family. My child.

Candyman reaches out for Annie with his other hand. Together they stare in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

CANDYMAN

We only have each other now.

He takes her hand...

FLASH! Annie's eyelids flutter. She can't fight him. She gazes at her distorted reflection in the mirror. Her eyelids are heavy.

The BUZZING becomes subdued, quieter...

169 INT. SLAVE SHACK - MIRROR WORLD - NIGHT

169

Annie and Candyman's reflections in the mirror GROW BRIGHTER and BRIGHTER as the honeycombed room gradually fades away around them.

Candyman closes his eyes...

WE MOVE IN on Annie's face...FLASH!

BLURRY SHAPES...A DARKENING SKY...A FIELD...coming into focus.

FLASH! Annie's eyelids flutter...she's being pulled into Candyman's world.

FLASH! SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, PEOPLE SHOUTING...

SMASH CUT

169A INT. DANIEL ROBITAILLE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

169A*

A DOOR FLIES OPEN. Daniel Robitaille looks up from his painting of Caroline, terror in his eyes as:

170 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - 1890 - NIGHT

170

WE'RE FLYING OVER a...RAMPAGING MOB of ANGRY WHITE MEN -- RACING through a WIDE OPEN FIELD with TORCHES.

WE'RE running with them. ZOOMING IN and OUT. Swept along.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- The mob is chasing SOMEONE. Fifty yards ahead. A handsome black man in a long jacket...Daniel Robitaille...

171 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

171

Candyman squeezes Annie's hand. She's lost in a fugue state. Forced to witness what happened in the past. Unaware of what's happening around her now.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

WALLS START TO BUCKLE. Floor boards CRACK and SPLINTER from the force of the earth.

MUD seeps through the walls at an alarming rate...

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

BACK TO ANNIE'S FACE -- FLASH!

172 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT

THREE THUGS, seething with hatred, break ahead of the mob.

WE ZOOM IN ON Robitaille -- fleeing for his life. Terrified. PANTING. Strength waning with every footfall.

The three thugs close in...faster and faster.

One Thug sprints ahead...grabs Robitaille's jacket, pulls. Robitaille lets the jacket fly off. The thug leaps into the air and TACKLES ROBITAILLE.

Seconds later, the other two thugs jump into the fray.

FIRST THUG

Hold him.

They pin the struggling Robitaille down.

SECOND THUG

Think you could get away from us?

173 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

173

Annie's traumatized by the horror she's seeing.

ANNIE

No...

Candyman keeps his eyes closed and holds Annie's hand.

All around, MUD continues pouring into the shack through walls. Boarded up windows buckle and burst apart. It's an AVALANCHE of MUD.

174 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT

174

Robitaille battles the thugs with all his might as they strip him naked.

FIRST THUG

(shouting)

Where is it?!

The crowd separates. WE SEE -- A RUSTY SAW being passed along from hand to hand.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

Robitaille sees it and SCREAMS.

ROBITAILLE
No!

The first thug grabs the rusty saw. The others pin Robitaille to the ground. Robitaille bucks and rears like a wild animal.

WE CIRCLE AROUND the JEERING, SHOUTING, SALIVATING mob.

The first thug raises the rusty saw... Robitaille lets out an agonizing, guttural SCREAM. It ECHOES...

175 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

175

Annie's face is gripped by terror. But Candyman won't let go of *
her hand.CANDYMAN
Be my witness, Annie.

The walls finally give way... exploding at the seams. A torrent of MUD and WATER spews in from every direction. Gushing in faster and faster until it rises up to Annie's knees.

176 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT

176

A MAN forces his way through the crowd. He's carrying a HONEYCOMB, dripping with fresh honey.

The thugs take scoops of HONEY. SMEAR it all over Robitaille's stricken, naked body. He flails and struggles in agony. And as he does, DROPS OF HONEY go flying...

...Landing on the face of a SMALL BOY in the crowd. He dabs at the honey. Brings his moistened finger to his lips. Smiling at the sweetness, he points to the brutalized Robitaille:

SMALL BOY
Candyman.

The crowd LAUGHS and takes up the CHANT eagerly.

CROWD
Candyman...Candyman...Candyman...
Candyman...

ANOTHER ANGLE -- A WOMAN SHOUTS:

HOSTILE WOMAN
Sweets to the sweet!

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

The mob circles around the mutilated Robitaille. CHANTING.

A BUZZING SOUND APPROACHES...The CHANTING STOPS...

IN THE SKY -- The heavens erupt with a SWARM of ANGRY BEES. Coming for their comb.

The MOB backs away as...

The BEES descend in a cloud over Robitaille. Covering his body.

177 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

177

Annie's body is also covered...the mud is up to her shoulders...

178 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT

178

Robitaille writhes and SCREAMS in agony as the bees savagely sting him. When they've had their fill, they fly away.

The mob moves closer to see what the bees have done.

Robitaille lies near death. His face haunted with pain.

179 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

179

Annie is now neck deep in the mud and muck, unaware of the danger.

Every wall and beam in the shack is cracking and splintering apart... Mud and water start gushing in through the ceiling, splattering Annie's face.

180 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT

180

A beautiful WOMAN tearing across the field, straight for Robitaille. She's CAROLINE SULLIVAN, the woman from the photos.

CAROLINE
Let him go! Let him go!

The crowd MURMURS...suddenly parts like the Red Sea.

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)

Stop her!

The thugs grab Caroline and hold her back. HEYWARD SULLIVAN, an austere, thin-lipped, middle-aged tycoon with a taste for vengeance, quickly approaches.

Robitaille's eyes well with tears of sadness and rage.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

ROBITAILLE
Caroline!

Heyward stands over the bloated, mutilated Robitaille, smirking with an air of defiant superiority.

HEYWARD
You stole my daughter from me.

Heyward shoves THE MIRROR...CAROLINE'S MIRROR in front of Robitaille's pain twisted face.

CAROLINE
(screaming)
Father! No!

Caroline is dragged away. Robitaille shifts his gaze to Heyward.

ROBITAILLE
You will all be damned.

181 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

181

CLOSE ON Annie's eyes as she relives the nightmare.

CANDYMAN
Do you see now? You should be with your family. You belong with me.

ANNIE
Yes...

182 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - NIGHT

182

The other thugs grab Robitaille's head and force him to gaze at his hideous REFLECTION in Caroline's mirror. Heyward gloats:

HEYWARD
Could she even look at you now.

Robitaille takes in his REFLECTION. Butchered, bloody, near death. He tries to speak but can only utter one final word:

ROBITAILLE
...Candyman.

Robitaille takes his last breath, a DEATH RATTLE, as he catches his REFLECTION in the mirror one last time.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

Caroline breaks free and races over to Robitaille. She grabs the mirror from her father's hands.

Mirror in hand, Caroline races away as fast as she can.

183 EXT. CABRINI GREEN - MIRROR - NIGHT

183

Even as Caroline runs, we see that Robitaille's reflection remains in the glass -- trapped for all eternity at the moment of his death.

184 INT. SLAVE SHACK - BOTTOM FLOOR - NIGHT

184

Mud spews in so quickly that Annie and the Candyman are now almost totally submerged.

CANDYMAN

The pain was inhuman. Too great to bear. I left this world for a world without pain.

ANNIE

No...no more pain.

CANDYMAN

Death is only a beginning, Annie. Your cradle will be your grave. You belong to me forever.

Just then the mud level rises, reaches Annie's lips...then pours into her mouth. But Annie doesn't struggle. She's surrendered herself completely to Candyman. He stands beside her, eyes closed, awaiting the end.

The walls are caving in. And there's only a few feet of air space left between her and the ceiling. The mud is like quicksand. It drags them down into the pit, deeper and deeper. Finally they disappear into darkness and their entire bodies are consumed by the mud.

A long beat... There's no more movement...no more signs of life. Annie is gone. Silence...until...

SWOOSH! A HAND bursts out of the ceiling hole and frantically DIGS through the MUDDY PIT! Seconds later:

185 INT. SLAVE SHACK - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

185

Matthew drags Annie up with the help of Liz, Drew and a few other kids. They lay her down on the floor. But she's not breathing.

MATTHEW

Get out of the way. Give her room!

The kids step back as Matthew tries to revive Annie. He wipes the mud off her face.

MATTHEW

Annie! Annie!

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

No response. Matthew tilts Annie's head back and starts CPR. He refuses to give up until suddenly, Annie COUGHS up mud and water. She's finally regaining consciousness. Matthew is elated. Annie looks around and realizes what's happened...

Walls starting to give from every side. The floor buckling. The ceiling cracking. There isn't much time before the shack is sucked into the earth. Annie scrambles to her feet.

ANNIE

Out! Out! Everybody out!

Annie pushes them toward the window. One by one the kids jump out. Just as Matthew is about to escape...

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

WHOOSH! CANDYMAN'S BODY CATAULTS UP THROUGH THE MUD! HOWLING, SCREAMING, FLAILING IN A FURY!

CANDYMAN
NO!!!!!!

Matthew watches in horror as the Candyman drags Annie back with him into the muddy pit.

A moment later...ANNIE BURSTS BACK OUT of the muck...GASPING for breath.

The floor splits apart; there's a huge gap between Annie and the window now. Matthew can't reach her.

Suddenly the entire riverside wall bursts open. WHOOSH! A VIOLENT GUSH of WATER and MUD rips through the shack; it's a cataclysm of nature. Everything in the shack gets swept up by the torrent, even Caroline's mirror.

Annie tries swimming through the gushing waters toward the mirror. Candyman lunges for her.

CANDYMAN
Annie!

But Annie is just out of his reach. She grabs the mirror.

ANNIE
This is your grave. Not mine!

CANDYMAN
No!

186 INT. SLAVE SHACK - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

186

Candyman's SCREAM ECHOES as ANNIE SMASHES THE MIRROR AGAINST THE WALL...IT SHATTERS INTO DOZENS of SHIMMERING SHARDS. Each SLIVER trapping the CANDYMAN'S tortured, final REFLECTION.

187 INT. SLAVE SHACK - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

187

And then, just SILENCE. Annie is shocked. But then: A LOW RUMBLE starts to come from beneath her....

Then: a VIOLENT SHAKING...as if the earth is about to split apart. The floor suddenly ruptures...a gaping hole appears, growing wider and wider by the second...

Bits of board start whirling around Annie. The rushing river is tearing through the shack, spinning and churning and sucking up everything in its path.

Annie grabs a beam just as Candyman gets pulled down into the muddy vortex. It's a raging, violent whirlpool of destruction. He reaches up and vainly grabs at the air for help as he drowns.

CANDYMAN

No!

Annie VAULTS across the chasm toward the window. Matthew grabs her hand and pulls her out just as...CRASH...all the walls cave in, the ceiling collapses...Candyman's HOOK pokes through the water just as he gets sucked up into the cataclysm. *

188 EXT. SLAVE SHACK - NIGHT

188

Annie and the kids watch the entire shack get sucked into the muddy whirlpool...finally being swallowed up by the mighty Mississippi River.

DISSOLVE TO

189 OMIT

189

190 OMIT

190

190A INT. OLD CHURCH - DAWN

190A

CLOSE ON Annie as she kneels. Reverend Ellis marks her forehead with ash. CHURCH BELLS START TO CHIME...

REVEREND ELLIS

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Matthew, forehead already marked with ash, standing next to Annie at the church altar. Reverend Ellis and Matthew share a look.

(CONTINUED)

190A CONTINUED:

190A

KINGFISH (V.O.)

Yeah, it's Lent. So you all take
it easy. We made it through
another one, New Orleans.

DISSOLVE TO *

191 OMIT

191

192 EXT. OLD CHURCH - DAY

192*

BELLS continue CHIMING... A few DEVOUT WORSHIPPERS stream into the church.

KINGFISH (V.O.)

And the Kingfish hope you all got plenty to atone for. Hope you all said a fond farewell to the flesh. It's the cycle, Crescent City. And we are starting again.

Annie, Matthew and the kids pour out onto the street. Exhausted, spent...but safe. Annie puts her arm around Matthew. They hold each other close.

FADE OUT

193 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY

193

The sky glistens on a bright summer morning.

194 INT. ANNIE'S NEW HOUSE - 4 YEARS LATER - DAY

194

A cozy place, filled with lots of pictures and even some of Annie's paintings. Annie sits with her 4-year old daughter, CAROLINE. They're putting together a photo album of family snapshots.

ANNIE

And do you remember who she is?

Annie holds up a photo of Octavia and Annie.

CAROLINE

Your mommy. She's pretty.

Annie smiles, gives Caroline a kiss. Caroline picks up another picture: the photo of Caroline Sullivan.

CAROLINE

Who's that?

ANNIE

That's your great, great, great grandmother Caroline.

Caroline looks at Annie with amazement. She giggles:

CAROLINE

That's my name, too.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

They share a laugh. DOORBELL RINGS.

195 INT. ANNIE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

195

MARISA, a 20ish college student with too many earrings, looks in her compact mirror while showing Caroline how to put on eyeshadow.

MARISA

And then you rub it with your finger like this.

CAROLINE

Let me try.

She rubs some on her eyelids then proudly looks in the mirror. Suddenly, A HAND grabs the mirror and slams it shut. Marisa looks up, startled. Annie's standing over her.

ANNIE

I told you, Marisa. No mirrors.

MARISA

Sorry.

Annie hands the compact back to Marisa. She takes it, makes a face as she puts it back in her bag.

ANNIE

I'll be home by five.

(hugs Caroline)

Be good, sweetie.

Caroline kisses Annie. Annie waves goodbye and heads out. Door SLAMS. Caroline turns to Marisa.

CAROLINE

Read me a story.

MARISA

(rolls her eyes)

Okay. Go get your book.

Caroline scurries off to get her book. Marisa looks around, quickly reaches into her bag and takes out her compact. She opens it, checks her makeup. Puts on some more lipstick. The PHONE RINGS.

MARISA

Okay, okay.

She heads off to answer the phone -- leaving the compact lying out on the table.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

MARISA
(into phone)
How'd you get this number?

Caroline bounds back into the room with a book. She stops, sees the mirror and stares at it. She hears

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

Marisa O.S. gabbing on the phone. Caroline picks up the compact...looks around...then stares at her reflection as she says...

CAROLINE
Candyman...

CLOSE ON the child's face as she repeats the name. Just as she says it for the fifth time, we...

CUT TO BLACK